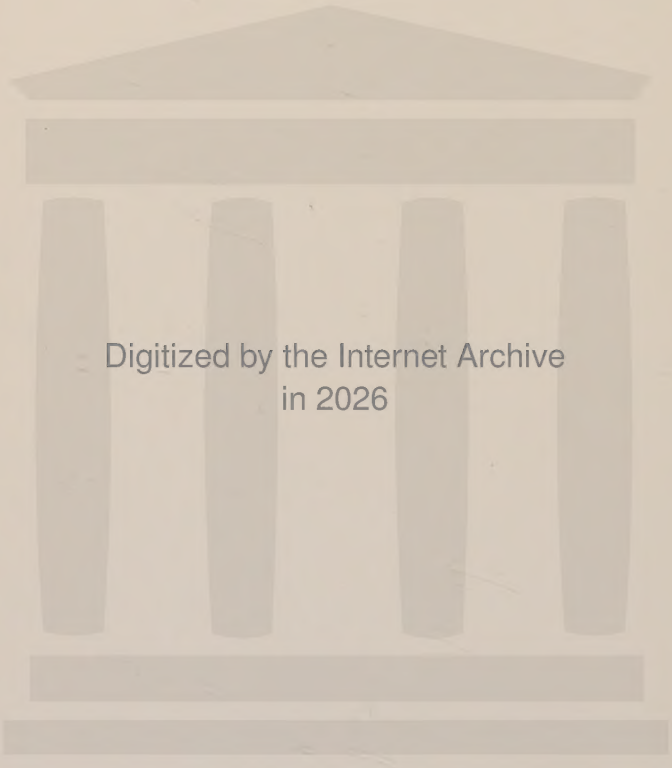
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The Northern Passion

(Supplement)

Early English Text Society.
Original Series, No. 183.
1930.

The Northern Passion

(Supplement)

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY MS. Gg. 1. 1
OXFORD MS. RAWLINSON POETRY 175

EDITED BY

WILHELM HEUSER, PH.D.

AND

FRANCES A. FOSTER, PH.D.

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PREFACE

Two manuscripts of the *Northern Passion* were taken in hand for the Society by Dr. Wilhelm Heuser in 1904, namely, Cambridge University MS. Gg. 1. 1 (first third of the fourteenth century) and Rawlinson MS. Poetry 175 (about 1350).[1] The poems were already in proof, and side-notes had been added as far as page 105 when the work was laid aside. It was not known to me during the time I worked on the *Passion* for volumes 145 and 147 of the Original Series. At the suggestion of Sir Israel Gollancz, the texts are now printed with as little change as possible from the plan of Dr. Heuser. Proofs have been read with the manuscripts, pointing and side-notes revised, and the rest of the side-notes added. The volume thus brings together the earliest text of the original poem and the earliest of the expanded version. Neither has previously been printed *in extenso*: the Oxford MS. because it was not known to me till too late to include among the parallel texts; and the Cambridge MS. because in spite of its early date the readings are often corrupt. Certainly there is an interest in perusing these texts as they are here printed without the distractions of parallel columns and foot-notes of variant readings.

For this edition the two texts have not been treated alike. In the Cambridge MS. contractions have been expanded[2] and pointing included according to Dr. Heuser's plan; but since any attempt at systematic emendation would bring in a mass of changes, many of them mere repetition of matter in volume 145, the errors have been left as they stand. Scholars who wish to study what a French scribe, familiar with Southern English,

[1] The MSS. are described in the *Northern Passion*, E.E.T.S. 147, pp. 9–10, 17, 22–4, 36–9, 43–7. Variant readings of the Cambridge MS. (G_1) are printed at the foot of the third column of the parallel texts in E.E.T.S. 145; variants of the Oxford MS. (**P**) in vol. 147, pp. 158–71.

[2] In the Cambridge MS. I have followed Dr. Heuser in representing "Ihū" as "Iesu." In the Oxford MS. "Ihū" is printed Ihe*su*, and "Ih's" "Ihe*sus*."

made of a Northern poem in the early fourteenth century may find the text useful; those who wish knowledge of the original version of the *Northern Passion* will find that a comparison with Cambridge University MS. Gg. 5. 31 in the third column of the parallel texts usually clears up any particularly blind passage. In the case of the Oxford MS., on the other hand, its closeness to Harley 4196 enables us to check errors fairly easily. Where Harley is obviously right and Oxford wrong, the correction is recorded in a foot-note. In both MSS. the capitalization is modern; and the numbering of the lines is consecutive, with no attempt to indicate parallelism between the two versions.

During the fifteen years since the introduction to the earlier volumes was written, new light has been thrown on two matters discussed therein. The first is the text of the Old French *Passion*[1] from which the *Northern Passion* was translated. Mrs. Frank[2] called attention to the publication in two Greifswald dissertations[3] of the text of Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, MS. 20, together with many variant readings. There is thus available, in addition to the Trinity College Cambridge MS. O. 2. 14 of the original brief *Passion*, a version in which the long *Harrowing of Hell* is fused with the end of the *Passion* to make a poem of 3328 lines ending with the healing of the cripple by Peter. The variant readings include citations from some sixteen other MSS. Among these are four not listed in the *Northern Passion* volume: Donaueschingen MS. 170; MSS. Paris, Bib. nat. fr. 1533 and 2815; and Turin Univ. Bibl. fr. MS. no. 36 L. II. 14. The editors do not, however, cite variants from the Trinity College MS.; and three MSS. were not known to them: Cambridge Univ. MS. B. 14. 39, Bib. nat. MS. fr. 9588, and MS. S. Brienc 112.[4] Altogether some twenty-four MSS. of the *Passion* have

[1] The text from Trinity College, Cambridge, MS. O. 2. 14, is printed in E.E.T.S. 147, pp. 102–25; discussion at pp. 49–65.

[2] "Vernacular Sources of an Old French Passion Play," *Modern Language Notes*, XXXV. (1920), pp. 257 ff.; and "The Palatine Passion and the Development of the Passion Play," *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, XXXV. pp. 464 ff.

[3] Hermann Theben, *Die altfranzösische achtsilbenredaktion der "Passion"* (Greifswald, 1909), prints the poem as far as the death of Christ (v. 1554; in the Trinity MS. v. 1476). Erich Pfuhl, *Die weitere fassung der altfranzösischen Dichtung in achtsilbigen Reimpaaren über Christi Höllenfart und Auferstehung (Fortsetzung der eigentlichen Passion) nach fünf Hss. in Cambridge, Paris und Turin herausgegeben* (Greifswald, 1909), prints the continuation.

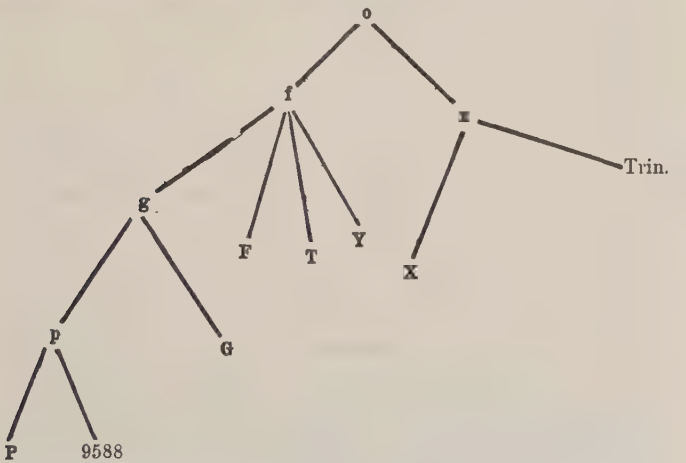
[4] Cf. Theben, pp. v–viii; Pfuhl, pp. vi–viii; E.E.T.S. 147, pp. 49–58.

been noted. Though a genealogical tree has not been worked out, it is to be hoped that some scholar who has access to the MSS. will make a thorough study of their relationships.[1] Until this is done it is not possible to tell what text the English translator used. As Mrs. Frank[2] found in her investigation of this *Passion* and the Palatine Play, no extant MS. seems to represent what the author had before him.

A more controversial matter is the significance of the borrowings from the *Northern Passion* in the Cycle Plays. Miss Block[3] in

[1] A tentative grouping may be suggested for eight of the MSS. (The line numbers are from the Trinity MS. in E.E.T.S. 147, pp. 102–25.)

Arsenal MS. 5204 (**P**) and Bib. nat. MS. fr. 9588 agree against the other MSS. in vv. 1429-34 so as to suggest a common original, now lost, which may be called **p**. And since the readings of **P** are recognized by Theben (p. vii) as especially like the insertions in Geoffroi de Paris's *Bible des Sept Estaz du Monde* (Bib. nat. MS. fr. 1526, **G**), probably **p** and **G** go back to a lost version **g**. But since Fitzwilliam MS. 20 (**F**), Turin 36 (**T**) and Arsenal 3527 (**Y**) also give the fusion of the *Passion* with the long *Harrowing of Hell*, we may assume that this fusion took place in a lost **f**, which lies back of **g**, **F**, **T** and **Y**. Closely related to **f** in many readings (1394 Lur chefs croulent ; 1451 Mirre ; 1471 es meins ; all in **G**, **P**, **X**, Trin.), but not containing this continuation, is the Trinity College MS. O. 2. 14, which seems to be very like the MS. drawn on by Hermann de Valenciennes for the interpolations in his French *Bible* of Arsenal MS. 3516 (**X**) ; see, for example, the omission of a couplet after vv. 1400, 1414 and 1446 (cf. **C**) ; the rimes *fin* : *latin* 1467–8 (cf. **Y**) and *prie* : *iev* 1443–4 ; and the reading *Mun espirit li* 1472. We may, then, assume a lost MS. **x**, from which were copied **X** and Trinity. Both **f** and **x** may be copies of the original (**o**). Graphically the relationship appears as follows.



[2] *Modern Language Notes*, XXXV, p. 260, note.

[3] E.E.T.S. CXX. (1922), pp. xlviii–l.

her edition of the *Ludus Coventriae* has reconsidered their connection with the *Northern Passion*. Miss Lyle,[1] in constructing her "original-identity" theory of the York and Towneley cycles, used the *Northern Passion* borrowings as important evidence. Her most recent statement[2] of her position, however, does not differ radically from Mr. Pollard's.[3] A really satisfactory account of the precise development in the cycles seems to me impossible without more detailed knowledge than we now possess of the vicissitudes undergone by the various crafts in York and Wakefield.

Apart from these specific relationships, one point of general interest arises. If one compares three narratives of the *Passion*: the *Southern Passion*, the *Northern Passion*, and the latter half of the *Stanzaic Life of Christ*, all produced in three-quarters of a century, all aiming to make Christ's life more vivid to the layman, noticeable differences appear in the prominence given to legendary material, in the emphasis placed on the Church ritual, and in the freedom with which reference is made to the actual everyday experience of the listeners. The *Northern Passion* represents the loose practices of fourteenth-century preaching. From a French poem the events of Christ's life are refashioned into an absorbing story, demanding from the hearers the same emotional reaction as any other romance: tears at the sufferings of Christ, anger at the wickedness of the Jews, grim humour at the burly smith's wife, and joy at the resurrection. Legends of doubtful origin are encrusted on the Biblical story—John beholding the secrets of heaven at the last supper, or the miraculous origin of the Cross[4]—all in full confidence that the eager and uncritical audience will ask only for excitement, not for a well-authenticated history. The symbolical relation between Christ's passion and the liturgy is nowhere touched on, nor is there an attempt to connect these events of long ago with everyday life in fourteenth-century England. Perhaps the tone comes largely as a reflection from the French material used for translation—the *Passion des Jongleurs*. In the *Stanzaic Life*, written a

[1] "The original identity of the York and Towneley Cycles." *Research Publications of the University of Minnesota*, VIII., No. 3. (1919).

[2] *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, XLIV. (1929), pp. 319 ff.; see also XLI. 810; XLIII., 124 ff., and 153 ff.; and XLIV. 313 ff.

[3] E.E.T.S. XLI., pp. xxvii–xxviii.

[4] E.E.T.S. 145, pp. 30–1 and 134–41.

few years later in the West of England, again legends encrust the narrative.[1] The author, however, is addressing not merely the untutored laymen, but also clerks, who will appreciate his Latin quotations;[2] he is ostensibly careful to specify his authorities (Augustine, Bede, Bernard),[3] even though he got them all at second hand in Higden's *Polychronicon* or Voragine's *Legenda Aurea*; and he recognizes that his composition is meant for reading as well as for listening to.[4] Often he makes the connection between the events of Christ's life and the ritual of the Church as he found it in the *Legenda Aurea* (the three accusations of the Jews and the "excusaciouns" sung in the Good Friday service;[5] the five appearances of the risen Christ and the five turnings toward the people of the priest at Mass);[6] but only rarely—once in regard to confession,[7] once in regard to the "domesmen"[8] and once in regard to court favoritism[9]—does he amplify the Latin with material referring to contemporary life.

Turning to the *Southern Passion*,[10] however, one is amazed to find that before 1300 an Englishman could be telling the same story of Christ's life, not with the loose embroidery of legend, but closely in accord with the Bible;[11] and that along with this conservatism in matter was a clear appreciation of the bearing of these incidents on contemporary life; the parson's attitude toward such small offerings as the widow's mite,[12] the fate of not a few unworthy priests;[13] and especially following Christ's appearance to Mary Magdalene, the long and deeply felt passage on the slanderers of women.[14] Surely, if anyone wishes to realize sharply what the new spirit was that the Friars breathed into English preaching, he could hardly do better than to read in Cambridge University MS. Ff. 5.48 the earnestness and realism with which the Dominicans of Somerset[15] preached the Passion of our Lord; and

[1] E.E.T.S. 166, Pilate's life, pp. 219–31; Judas's early life, pp. 231–8, etc.
[2] P. xix.
[3] P. xx.
[4] P. xviii.
[5] Vv. 5497–500.
[6] Vv. 7633–52.
[7] Vv. 10045–64.
[8] Vv. 10625–32.
[9] Vv. 10489–92.
[10] Edited by Mrs. Carleton Brown, E.E.T.S. 169.
[11] Introduction, pp. xii ff.
[12] Vv. 175–8.
[13] Vv. 341–4.
[14] Vv. 1907–90.
[15] *Ibid.*, pp. xxxi–v, cx. The ascription of this collection to the Dominicans should lead to a modification of Mr. Owst's point that the Friars did not share in the preparation of English sermon material for the half-literate priests (*Preaching in Mediæval England*, Cambridge, 1926, pp. 226–8).

then turn back the pages to the quaint tale borrowed from the French jongleurs in the North some quarter of a century later, quite untouched by the fervour of the new preachers.

I take this opportunity to record certain corrections that should be made in the earlier edition of the *Northern Passion*.

Vol. I. page 37, col. 1, note 1, *for* sori *read* son.
„ „ „ 139, col. 2, v. 1404, *for* were *read* wer.
„ II. „ 32, line 8, *for* 10 *read* 11.
„ „ „ 51, line 10 *for* (1494*a*–1494*h*) *read* (1594*a*–1594*e*).
„ „ „ 56, line 8 *for* 3 *read* 4.
„ „ „ „ line 9 *for* 4 *read* 5.
„ „ „ 73, second paragraph, see A. Taylor, *Mod. Lang. Notes*, XXXIII. pp. 394–8.
„ „ „ 86, fourth line from bottom : *insert at the beginning of the sentence*, Apart from the plays obviously connected with York,
„ „ „ 158, line 49*, *for* wer *read* wex.
„ „ „ 160, line 463, *for* wande *read* wende.
„ „ „ 161, line 712, *for* yhe *read* yḥe.
„ „ „ 162, line 839, *for* Anyse *read* Auyse.
„ „ „ 166, line 414* *for* trintte *read* trinite.
„ „ „ 169, *delete* 1712*c* our our.

To the Glossary should be added :

p. 198, **burd**, *vb. impers. pa.* behoved, II, 167/617.*
202, Under **gone**,—pass, be moved, II. 167/652*.
208, **perced, perched**, *vb. pa. pl.* pierced, 1210*d*, II. 163/1210*d*.
213, Under **take**,—**toke party to**, took sides with, II. 163/1186 (cf. "hold party" in *Will. Palerne*, 3643) ; **tok vp**, rose, II. 167/779*.
214, **tre**, *adj.* three, II. 168/1498.
tuled, *vb. pa. pple.* harassed, II. 168/25*. (Cf. O. Fr. *tooillier*.)

To the authorities of the Bodleian Library and of the Cambridge University Library, I desire to express my gratitude for the opportunity again to examine the manuscripts ; and also to the Librarians of Vassar College and the University of Pennsylvania, who arranged for the loan of rare books.

Vassar College, 1929. **F. A. F.**

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THE NORTHERN PASSION.

(THE ORIGINAL VERSION.)

[*Camb. Univ. Libr. MS.* Gg. I. 1.

[leaf 122]

Herknith alle, ihc wolle you telle
Of muche pitie in mi spelle,
Of Iesus þat ous alle wroth,
And sith our soweles dere abouth;
For he our soweles nold noth tine,
With oute sak he þoled pine;
Of his passioun ich wol you telle,
Yef ye wolle a stounde dwelle.
Here is Mathe, Luc and Iohanne,
þei acorden heuchon.
For to fulfille þe holde lawes,
He faste fulle forti dawes.
þe vertues sprange swithe wide
Fer in londe in euche side.
þe Ieues þar of haued envie
And seidin he ferde with folie.
Alle þei comyn to gider stille
Of Iesus to speken alle her fille,
Alle þei gederid ham at a feste,
Richa and pouere, most and leste,
þe Sarasins and her princes alle,
þe Ieus did hym forth to calle,
þe meste maister of her lawes.
Hii speken of Iesu in her sawes:
"yef we let him þos forth to gon,"
þei seiden among ham euchon.
Cayfas was bissop þat time,
3onge prophece bi gon to rime,
He seyd to her princes alle:
"3e ne wite noth wat schal befalle.
A man schal deie vs bi forn
þat alle mankin schal now be lorn."

Listen all! I will tell you the piteous story of Jesus' passion.

The Jews, full of envy, want to slay him.

Caiaphas prophesies.

þos him seide þe *pr*ophecie,
þe Ieues tok hit with enuie.
Of him silf ne had he it noth,
þe holi gost pult hit in his þoth.
þe Ieues fro þat þilke day,
Iesu to slo þei þothten ay.
" We wol noth," þei seid hem amo*ng*,
" þat Romeyns come to do vs wor*ng*."

Easterday is near.
A fulle gret feste þer was an hond,
þat Ester day is clepid in lond.
þe Ieues gederid to þat feste,
Riche and pouere, most and leste.
At þat feste þei speken blame,
Of Iesu euche seide sschame ;
þei dampned him to car and wo,
Alle þei þothten him to slo.

They will wait till the feast is over.
Yet þei seiden þei wold abide,
Til her fest wer go biside,
þat no crie ne sscholde rise
No no noise on none wise,
Til þei had another rede
þat day to don a man to ded.

The 6th day before that time, Jesus, coming near Jerusalem,
þe sixte dai bi for þat time,
Iesu, of wom his makid þis rime,
To þat cite he gan drawe,
He þoth bileue þer a throwe.

sends two of his disciples
He cliped of his disciples two
And bad hi schold his dede do :
" Mildelich to þat cite
þat iye mowen ageyn yiow se,

for an ass with her foal, which they will find on the way.
Iye schulle finde with in þe wale
A milde beste stond in stalle,
A nasse bounden with hir fole,
To lousen hir men scholde þer þole.
þat asse bringe3 ye to me,
And y wol wende to þat cite."
He dide his disciples anon wende
To þat cite þat was so hende,
Til þei founde, as Iesu seide ;
þat asse þei did bi for him led.

[lf. 122, back

þer on sat Iesu feir and hend,
To þat cite þei gon wend.
þe childir of Ebreu herd seye
þat Iesu come þat þilke weie.
Hii kepeden him with oute þe toune
With ful gret *pro*cessioun ;
Su*m*me of hem bi for him yiede,
Her clothes þei dide bi for him sprede,
And su*m*me broth floures swete
To leien bi for him in þe strete,[1]
þe pou*er*e men with herte fre
Brothten braunche3 of þe palme tre.
Su*m*me bi gonne for to crie :
" Saue vs, louerd, here we deie."
Iesu lith adoun ful stille,
And blessid hem with gode wille.
þai passid forth with oute envie,
And token þe wai to Bethanie ;
Bi þat strete þai gon riue,
A lazer ros fro deth to liue ;
Wan he had þat lazre rerid,
þar for was he muchil ipreisid.
Iesu and his disciples eke
Wenten in weie festes to seche ;
He com to an austin is hous,
His nam was calid Symon leprous.
He fested ham alle bi dene,
And þer com Marie Magdaleine.
In holi writ of hir men rede
þat yio had don a sinfol dede.
Of Iesu ha wolde merci haue,
Ho cneled doun hir bote to craue,
Ho set hir doun and wessid his fete
With hir teres þat ho lete.
Sit ho wipid hem with hire here,
For hir sinne sori was þere ;
And oyngnem*en*t ho broth hir with,
Ho droth hit forth*e* wit gode grith ;
Ho smered his fet þat wer sore

Jesus enters the city. The Jews come to meet him in great procession.

Jesus goes to Bethany,

where a lazar rose from death to life.

He feasts at the house of Simon.

Mary Magdalene craves mercy and anoints his feet with a precious ointment.

[1] *MS.* stęrete.

And cried: "Iesu Crist þi nore."
Iesu wist hir wille ful wel,
He þoth to hab hir euche del.
þat oyngment was swithe swete
þat ho smered on his fete,
In þat hous hit smache ful wide
Alle aboute on euche side.

Judas scorns at her wasting the ointment,

His oue disciples was þarinne,
Ich wot he was combred with sinne,
Iudas Scarioth was his name;
He seid his louered muchil schame,
He spak to Iesu with maistrie
Wordes swiþe of felonnie:
"Me þenketh her þou dost ful ille
þat þou letest þis oyngment spille,
Hit mitht be solde for peniis god
And yeuen pouer men to fod."
þer for ne seid Iudas nocht,
Of pouere men was litil his þocht.

and is rebuked by Jesus.

Ihesu answerd son anon
Wordes swete with oute blame:
"þe pouere men schulle ye haue
Your almesdede for to craue,
Ye mowe don ham aftir hour wille,
Ne let ham nocht for hongir spille.
Men ne sschulle noth yeye þos longe.
Ayein þis winmon ye habit wronge;
Ho hauid don a ful god dede
þat schal be iyold hir at hir nede,
Hir dede schal ben writin in storie
For to haue in memorie."

Judas resents the reproach, and resolves to sell Christ to his enemies.

Ivdas herde þe wordis meke,
His owe sorwe gon þe he seche.
He seid and þoth in his þocht:
"Alle his schal helpe him notht,
To þe Iueis ich schal him sille,
Suche maistris for to telle."

[leaf 123]

Ivdas ne wolde no lenger dwelle,
He tok þe wai in to helle,
He yede anon and soth þe fende,

þe meste maister of þe londe.
He seid: "wol iye yeue me mede,
And to Iesu ich wol you lede?
Iesu þat neuir leiche nocht,
To sillen you him his al mi þotht."
Wenne þei þes wordes herden,
With mochil ioie alle þei ferden.
þei iyef him iyiftis vair an fre,
þrythi plates of god mone.
þe plates son anon he tok,
Was þer non þat he forsok.
Wan he hauid don þis folie,
He socht our lord with gret envie.
Ivdas wend to his falawes,
Ne wist he nocht of his plawes;
He set him doun among hem alle
With herte bitir þan þe galle.
Of pask was her festinge,
Iesu Crist was trauaillinge.
His disciples he tok him ner,
And axid him with veir chere:
"**Sire**, wer woltu holde þi feste?
We wol go criem most and leste."
Iesu answerd son anon,
And cliped to him[1] Petir and Iohan:
"Goth," he seid, "ye sschulle mete
A man faitor in þe strete;
þe hous þat he goth to with grith̄,
Ye sschulle him folwe and go with;
þe lord of þe hous ye ssuchl finde,
A simple man of seli kinde.
To him ye sschul spek and seie
Ich com nou sone in youre weie,
I wol me feste in his halle
And mine disciples alle;
þat is come þe time is ner,
Among mi frendes to mak soper;
With hem wol hi festes make,
Among frendes leue to take.

The Jews give Judas thirty pieces of good money.

Jesus sends Peter and John to Jerusalem.

They will meet a man in the street and are to follow him his house,

where the Passover is to be prepared for them.

[1] *MS.* him iohan.

þar me greith hour mete
Of suche gode, as we mowe gete." 192
Petir and Iohan wer ful hende,
In to þat cite þei gon wende;
So þei founden, as Iesu bad,
þei didin al so with herte glad; 196
A greyzidem met with gret plente
To Iesu and to his meignee.
Iesu wan þe met was greid,
He entred, as þe bok hous seid. 200

They all sit at the board.
Iesu set him at þe bord,
Mild he was euir of word,
Alle þei sein with oute lesing;
þei dedin miche bifor him bring. 204

Judas steals the best morsel of fish from his Lord's dish.
Ivdas seiȝhiȝ þei setin alle,
Ageine Iesu gon he falle,
þat he mitht with him etene;
His tresoun he nold notht foryitene, 208
He stal out of his lord is dissche
þe beste mossel of his fische.

Jesus gives the disciples bread, his flesh,
Iesu tok bred þat lai him bie
And blessid hit fol mildelie; 212
Siȝen he brac hit with his honde
And ȝiaf hit to his gode frende.
"Etiȝ," he seid, "of þis bred,
Hit wol you schilde fro iuel ded; 216
Hit his mi fleissche þat ich you gyue,
þer þroch mou ye ȝe betir liue."

and wine, his blood,
Sithen he token þe wine clere,
And blessid hit with gode chere. 220
"Drinkith," he seid, "hit wol do you god,
þis drink is makid of mi blod.
þe bodi þat ye her se,
Hit sschal for how trauailed be, 224

[lf. 123, back]
Fort make you clene of sinne,

which are to be a memorial of him.
Alle þo þat beth here inne.
So ofte so ye sschol me take
Memorie of me to make; 228
þe richt lawe schal it be
þat ich wolle ȝe holde of me.
With hou sschal ich het no more,

Ich haue ibe kingk[1] ful wide ware;
þar ageine mei no man striue,
For i sschal be son ibrotht of liue;
þe *pr*ophecie seiţ here of me
þat i sschal deie on rode tre.
þe ȝeef is come, þe traitour is bold,
One of how hauiţ me isold;
For me beȝth þe penies taken,
On of hou me hauez forsaken."
"**Nay**," þay seiden, "wo þat mane
þat þus tresoun first[1] be ganne."
"I warne hou wel him bi forn
Him wer betir he neuir wer born."
His disciples herdin his tale,
þei wepen boȝe gret and smale;
Sitȝen he loked among hem alle,
Woche of hem hit micht be falle,
And alle thei casten vppe a cri:
"Lord," þei seiden, "was hit owcht hi?"
þan spak Iesu Crist ful stille,
He seid sothţ aftir his wille:
"He þat with mi silue ete,
To fille his wombe he nocht for yete;
Alle ye mowe cnowa and se
Him þat hauiţ bitraied me."
Wan þat Iudas herd his worde,
He sturte and ros fro þe borde;
Iudas he makid a non þe crie:
"Maister," he seid, "is hit ocht hie?"
Iesu ansswered hinn iwisse:
"þou it art and þou it isse."
Wan Iohan was at þe soup*er* set,
Met and drink he for yȝet,
He lened him doun to Iesu brest,
For he sat him allir nexte.
Son anon he fil[2] a slepe;
þar of was wondir for to speke.
An angle tok his gost ful euene,
And bar hit to þe blisse of heuene;

He tells them that a traitor and thief is amongst them.

They weep and ask who it is;

even Judas puts the question to him, and is exposed.

John leaning on Jesus' breast, falls asleep and sees wonderful visions,

[1] *corrected from* fisst.

[2] *MS.* filla.

Angeles let him þer se
Moni tokninges of priuete;
Of god him silue he had mitht,
þar he sat in heuene brith;
þar he sachȝ manie a selkouȝ þing,
Als he was in his metinge.

he knows more of God's lore than any other man.

His witte was swiȝe gode,
Alle þat he sachȝ he vndir stode;
Nas neuir no man in þis world ibore
So muche wist of god is lore,
Ne no man in þis world icome
So muche wist of god is sone,
So dide Iohan, þe wangeliste,
For he sat allir nexte Criste.

After supper Jesus washes their feet,

Wan þei had ysouped alle
And maked her maunde in þe halle,
Iesu cneled and woisse her fet,
And iyaf ham his blessing son and swet.
Wan þei wer weisschsen alle bi-dene,
He set him doun alle hem bi-twene;
He seid, als he doun sat:
"Hi haue don, ne wot ich wat.
Ye clipetȝ me your lord alle,
Ye ne witen wat sschal be falle;
Yef ibe lord maister al so,
Bi for yow ihaue cneled to
For to waisse youre fet.

and tells them to follow his example ever afterwards.

Take assample of me yȝet,
Kneled doun on and oþir,
As euchon were oþir broȝþre.

[leaf 124]

God ensample ihaue hou yieue
To be mild wil yie liue.
Louеȝ oþir wel, iyeue yow to mede
þe blisse of heuene for hour god dede;
Alle þo þat soffreth for me
Pine oþir wo, wer þei be,
In heuene schol þei cloȝed be
With out hende in iolifte."

He will fulfil the prophecies.

Iesu spak with his wille:
"þe time is come isschal folfille.

þe prophetis now for mi sake
Speket of þe deiȝ þat isschal take.
To dai yȝe sschul be for drad,
Wan ich sschal bi for yow lad,
Ye sschuleȝ fast fro me fle,
And of how forsake me.
Alle is writin þat i yow seie;
þe herde, wan he goth bi þe weie,
Wan þe wolf fleȝit and goiȝt bi side,
þe bestes spreden swithe wide.
Y am herd, þat with þe schepe,
For yow isschal be nomen ar time of slepe,
For yow isschal be to dede,
Such is nowe þe Iues rede.
I schal deie and breke þe lai
And rise vp þe þȝride dai,
þan sschul ye me finde and se
In þe lond of Galilee."
Petir herde þat reut ful tale,
He wende doun in to þat dale;
He seid: "Iesu, þat mith nocht be,
þe þing þat þow hast seid to me;
I schal foluw þedir, wen þou gon,
Among þi frendes and þi fon;
I wol for þe pine take,
To prisoun gon for þi sake,
With þe wol itake dethd,
Me ne schul rewe no þing þat rede."
þus seide þe posteles alle
þat bi him setin in halle.
Iesu herd alle þis sawe,
He seide to Petir alle with lawe:
"O þing wol i graunt þe,
A wile þou mitht folwe me;
Er þe koc hab þȝrie crowe,
þow sschalt for sak me in a þrowe.
Do now so i wol you telle,
It is for gode þat ich owe spelle;
For dred of him þat wold ow derue
Swerdes sschul ye alle bere;

The parable of the good shepherd and his sheep.

Jesus announces that he will die and rise again on the third day.

Peter says he will never forsake his Lord.

Jesus answers:

"Before the cock crows thrice, you will forsake me."
He inquires after their swords and weapons.

He þat hat is god to sullen,
Bigge a swerd for men to quellen."
þan seid he þat sat biside :
" Sire, for no þing þat mai betide,
Redi haue we swerde two
And oure wepnes also."
Iesu answerd ful stille :
" þat is me noth to wille.
They rise and come to Bethany, Riset," he seid, " and folwith me,
Her nulleȝ we no lenger be."
To a toun þai come her gate,
Me cliped Betanie þe bate.
Iesu spake welle stille
To his disciples with god wille :
" Her iȝe ssulle me abide,
Wile þat i go her biside.
Yet i haue a litil to sein,
Wan i haue don, i come agein."
With þis word he gon fortȝ wende,
whence Jesus goes to the mount of Olivet with three of his disciples. And nom with him þre men hende,
Petir, Iohan and her brothre,
And euche he loued mor þan oþir.
He lad ham with wordes swete
To þe mount of Oliuete.
þen seid Iesu to hem þre :
" Here yȝe sschullin abide me.
[lf. 124, back] Ne slepeth notht, bedȝ wakend,
He goes forth alone and leaves them behind to watch. For euir mi flessche is quakend."
Wan þis was seide son anon,
He yȝede forth and kissid þe ston.
Wan he was forre fro þe toun,
Falling on his knees he prays in great anguish of mind. On knees he fel þer adoun ;
Anon he bi sachȝ for to calle
þe fadir his name, heyst of alle :
" **Uadir**," he said, " yif hit mai be,
Let þou þis deth passe fro me.
Bot hit bihouit alwei so,
þat me bihouit ned þar to,
I am redi to þi wille
In erþe boþe loud and stille."

Wan þis was seid, he siched sore,
His angoisse was mochil þe more.
I dar it sei and wel i wot,
þe blod þat he wepe ron to his fote.
þer com doun an angle brith,
Fleyend fro heuene lith,
To confort Iesu ful stille,
As it was his fadir is wille.
Iesu aros þer anon,
And to his disciples com he gon.
þei werin greuid of waking,
Hem had taken a gret sleping.
Wan he come, þei sslepen alle;
Furst to Petir gan he calle:
"þis is," he seid, "notht þe ded
þat i hou comanded wan i ȝede;
It is time of dai man to wake,
Som del of mi sorwe sclake.
Wakit and abidiȝt heuene king,
þat ye ne falle in no fonding."
þus he seid son anon,
He tok þe wei for to gon
To þe hille þer he com fro,
He yed al on, wer þer no mo.
On his kneis e fel doun wepend,
For his time was nexte comind;
He bad his fadir in trinite
þat he sschld þa pine Ise.
Sithȝ he ros and iȝede al on
To his disciples euchon.
Iesu ne wold hem noth calle,
He ȝede and let hem slep alle.
þe þridde time ageine he yede
His erind ful for to spede.
"Fadir," he seid, "haue i seruid no ded;
I do þi wille aftir þi rede.
If hit ne mai no nothir be,
Do now al þi wille with me."
þe yede mildelich wit alle
His disciples for to calle.

An angel comes down to comfort him.

So he goes away three times for solitary prayer,

and every time finds his disciples fast asleep, when he comes back to them.

He says he will do his Father's will.

He reminds John and Peter of Judas' treachery,

First he cliped Petir and Iohan,
And sith he spak to hem euchon :
" Yȝe haued isleped and restid fol welle,
Iudas nad slepid neuir odele ;
To sinfulmen he haȝt me sold,
For me beth þe peniis ytold.
Risith vp for mi sake,
I se ham come þat wol me take.

and warns Peter that the fiend wants to tempt him.

Petir, anon warn i þe
þat þou be redi for to fle.
Satanas is þi frende notht,
He wol fonde to torn þi þotht.
Bot i haue so be for þe,
þat moch is swagid of is pouste.
For me, wat so mai bi falle,
Confort þine bretherin alle."
Aftir þis he toke þe strete

His foemen come guided by Judas, whose kiss is to be the signal.

þer he schold his vomen mete.
Ivdas com with gret dispoute,
To bisette Iesu alle aboute,
With swerdes, gleiues, maces gode ;
þei blewen so þei weren wode ;

[leaf 125]

In lanternes þei brothen lytht,
For hit was in þe nitht.
þe Iues speken hem bitwene
To þe traitour Iudas ful kene :
" Hou scholde we þi louerd knowe ?
Sum of hus him neuir sawe."
Iudas seid : " ye ne schul him notht misse.
Taket gyem wom i kisse."

Jesus goes among them without fear.

Iesu wist it fol welle,
Wat was to come euche a dele.
He yed among ham, ne dred he notht,
He seid to heme : " wat haue ye þoutht ?"
þen answerd þe Iues mek :
" Iesu Nazaren we sek."
Iesu seid : " wille ȝe me asaille ?
Hi it ham with oute faille."

They fall down from fright.

Of him þei wer so sor adrad,
þei fillin doun bacward, as þei wer ded.

Sithen þei rose and stode stille,
Iesu to hem he seid his wille:
"Wat seche ye? fast haueȝ ye gon."
Þe Iues answerd son anon:
"Iesu Nazarene, we þe seche."
Þan spake Iesu wordes meke:
"I seid yow first y am here,
Ferþer ne wol hi fle, be mi swere;
Yef i am soth with outen hille,
Let ye þes men in pes go stille."
Þan com Iudas Iesu neye,
He set his moutȝ and seid on heie:
"Wel come, maister," con he calle,
Þe Iues com abouten him alle;
Hii leiden hondes on his clotheȝ,
A sworen hiis deth with mony otheȝ.
Iesu seid to Iudas:
"Þis tresoun procured me þou has,
Þou hast betraid me iwis,
Þer to agein me bigon þou kisse."
His disciples seien þat fare,
Heuche of hem had care,
Fro him þei flowen euchon
Bot seinte Petir and seint Iohan.
Petir þocht to do god,
He droth his swerde, as he wer wod,
He smot a man swithe sore,
He smot of his rith here.
Iesu sachȝ þis dede don.
He seid to Petir anon:
"Put hup þi swerd, smit no more,
Þenche þou hast ismite sore.
Wos with swerde wircheȝ bale,
He ssal him silue hab þilk sale.
Ne wenist þou noth, and i wold craue,
Help of angeles imistht haue?
Þirtti þousend of angeles britht
Wold me sende þe silke nitht
Fro mi fo men me to fende,
And yiet he wold me wel mo send,

His followers are to go free.

Judas kisses him.

They lay hands upon his clothes.

Jesus tells Judas the truth about his treacherous kiss.

The disciples flee, except Peter and John.

Peter drawing his sword cuts off the ear of one of the men,

and is rebuked by his master,

who says he might easily have called 30,000 angels to his aid.

Mi partie wel for to fend
Agein þe Iues þat aren so kene.
þan wer notht þe prophecie
þat seitht of me isscha deie.
þar for hit biouit don to be,
Al þat euir is writin of me."

Jesus heals the bleeding ear.

Ihesu seid hem bi forn,
He nom þat here þat was of corn,
He yiede to him þat was bleding,
He helid him with oute striuing.

Nevertheless they bind him.

þat for ne laft þei notht,
Ha didin of him so þai ne roth.
A bounden his bondes sore and faste,
Wile þe bonde wolde laste.

He complains of their doing all this by night, though he has often been teaching them

Iesu seid: "ye bindetht me here,
Als i were a þȝef is fere.
With me ye dothȝ vn ritht,
þus to fare witȝ me be nitht,

[lf. 125, back]

To do me schame alle þat ye mai,
Feirer it were don it bi dai.
Ofte y haue bi for you be,
þer ye mitht wel me se,

in the Temple openly.

With inne þe temple you to kenne,
Wi naued ye nome me þenne?
Hit nis no time no no ritht
In þis manere to proue hour micht."

The Jews take him to Caiaphas,

þe Iues answerd him notht,
A did[1] of him, as hi ne rotht;
A ladin him with god pas
To þe bissop, sire Cayfas.
þe Iues bi gan for to striue
With Iesu bothe loude and bliue.

Peter and John following at a distance.

Petre folowed son anone
His lorde Iesu, so dide Iohanne.

John enters with the crowd.

Iohan entred with hem þo,
For he was cnowen with hem mo.
Petre stode with oute þe yate,
For no man wold him inne lete.
Son he was war of Iohan,
He clipid to him son anon.

[1] *MS.* didim.

Iohan with þe porter spake stille
þat Petir entrid at his wille.
Wan þai schold of Iesu do,
þat on bi held, þat oþir al so.
Iohan stod in a mantil ifolden,
Of god him silf it was holden.
þe men þat stodin him bi side,
Toward him þei gon glide;
þe lappe of þe mantil god
þei droþhȝ so þei weren wode.
Iohan sachȝ þai wold him take,
Him wer wel leuir his cloth for sake.
He lep awei with ful gret tene,
And left þe mantel hem bi twene.
Iesu stode þat ilke þrowe
Among þe Iues witht vnlawe.
Noth was fonden him with inne
þing þat tuched ani sinne.
Two Iues stodin hem biside,[1]
Toward hem þei gonen glide.
"þis mon," þei seiden, "þat stondetȝ here,
A wondir þinge ye mou now here,
þat he mai doun falle, in a trowe,
þe most temple þat i cnowe,
And sithȝ with inne þe þredde dai
Reren a newe wel he mai.
þos is his werkes al for sothe,
He seid it with is owen mouthe."
Cayfas herde þe silke sawe,
He spak to Iesu with vn lawe;
He seid rith þar he stod:
"þenkeȝ ye þes pinis god?"
Iesu stod, answard he notht,
For he was greuid in his þotht.
Caifas seid to him nai,
An cried loude in his laie:
"I coniure þe þrothȝ coniuring
þat þou sei vs sum vndir stonding,
Yef þou art god is sonne
And comen fro þe heuene abone."

Peter is allowed to come in too.

They pull at John's mantle,

and he runs away, leaving his mantle behind.

No sin is found in Jesus.

Two Jews accuse him of saying that he could rebuild the temple in 3 days.

Caiaphas questions Jesus and receives no answer;

he conjures Jesus to say whether he is God's son.

[1] *MS.* b'side.

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Jesus says he is.

Iesu spake with milde chere :
" God is sonne is now here ;
þar for soth3 itelle it þe,
Men schul in heuene me ise,
To deme men aftir her dedes ;
þe is vnwis þat þis ne dredes."

Caiaphas cries out that this is proof enough of Jesus' guilt, and asks the Jews what to do with him.

Caifas herde þos wordes stille,
He þotht notht to do is wille ;
Alle his cloþis he rof for tene,
Sithin he spake wordis kene :
" His owen word is so forth gon,
þat oþir witnis halt þou haue non.
Iuis," he seid, " wat is your red ? "

They demand his death. [leaf 126]

A seiden alle : " do him to ded."
þei conen spet on him alle,
þei gound[1] on him foul with alle,
And slongem wit palmes in þe place ;
þei wondiden him in þe face.

Peter denies his master three times :

Petir yed among hem ful bold,
þe wedir he þoth ferli cold,
He sach þe vire was maked on heie ;
Als he dorst, he droth him neye.
Among þe Iues he stod ful stille,
He warmid aftir his wille.

first, when a maid recognizes him ;

þer entred a maid son anon
To lok wat me schold with Iesu don.
Ha sach3 Petir sit at þe fir,
And het droth ferli ner.
" Man," ha said, " wat art þou ?
I wen þou art þe disciple Iesu."

then, when a man remembers his face ;

Petir answerd son anon :
" Par ma fey, þou art mis-gon ;
Of þing þat þou on me seist
I not neuer wat þou menest."
Petir ne þotht þer no god wom,
Fro þat maiden con he gon.
A nothir stod him beside
þat him ad herd furst chide ;
Of his face he was ware,

[1] *MS.* goumd.

He spac wordes to hem þare.
" Certes," he seid, " þou art on
þat was wonid with Iesu gon."
Petir answerd and swor: " nai,
I sachȝ him neuir but to dai."
Petir þotht þe strif ful ille,
He wold passe fro hem stille;
Priueli he tok þe gate
Bi-twene þe porter and þe gate.
Ageines him com Iues kene,
þe bissop his men hi weren i wene.
þat ilke man com him bi forn
þat his ritht here had of corn.
He spac to Petir wordes grete,
Anon Petir þei gon þhrete:
" Felawe, art þou notht he
þat my nere birafust me,
Wen we com Iesu to take?
þis maist þou notht wel forsake;
þi maister heled him son anon,
He wend þer for a wei to gon,
And þou folwedist him bi twene,
Iwis he is þi lord, y wene."
Petir stod an dred ful sor,
Him forþotht þat he com þare,
Alle he stod in sorwe strong.
" Man," he seid, " þou hast wrong,
I ne sachȝ him neuir yȝet,
Ne notht ine cnowe þat prophete."
þan biguṅne kockis to crowe
Wol sone bothe loud and lowe.
Iesu tornid him anon,
And loked Petir with eyien apon.
Petir sachȝ Iesu on him blenche,
Anon he gon him to þenche,
And to þat word he gan him take
þat he scohld him forsake;
þar of ne couthe he do no more,
But yed fortht wepind ful sore.
Bifor þe bissop Iesu stod,
For he was euir swithe god.

thirdly, when he meets with the man whose ear he had cut off.

Peter says this man is wrong.

The cock begins to crow,

and Jesus looks at him.

Then Peter goes out weeping bitterly.

Questioned about his teaching, Jesus says it has been well known to all.

He couped Iesu of his dedes,
Hou he wrotht and to wat nedes,
Of teching and of lore,
Of his disciples wan þai were.
"Mi teching," he seid, "tak now hede,
Hit bi houit wid to be sprede.
Withȝ in þe temple haue i ben,
Herlich and lat ȝe micht me sen.
I tacht you of mine sawes
For to loke þe newe lawes;
[lf. 126, back] In priuete ham þei ben seid,
Hit schal be in scripture leid.
Wer-to askest suche þing at me,
Wen oþir conne tellit þe?"

Somebody smites Jesus.

Vp ros a felun gist,
To smit Iesu he was prest.
He seid so he wer wode,
And smot Iesu þer he stode.
He seid: "wi onswerstou so
þe bissop þat þou spekest to?"
Iesu stod, so it is writin,
And loked on him þat him had smiten.
He seid to hem: "wat eilithȝ þe?
Aiȝein þe ritht þou smitist me.
Iief i hauid outht seid hille,
þan bete me at your wille;
Yef i haue ocht seid bote gode,
Withȝ wrong mengest þou mi blod."

Caiaphas asks whether he comes from heaven.

Caifaȝs haf vppe his hond,
He spak to Iesu moche wrong.
"Yief þou com fro heuene blisse,
Sei vs nowe for sothȝ iwisse."

Jesus says he will be seen judging by his father's side.

Iesu seid: "is hit no bote
Ageines you to holde mote,
Ne you to telle no newe tiþinges,
For ye ne luit notht mi tellinges.
Yie schulle, so hit may be-tide,
Se me bi mi fadir side;
Alle þe pouste sschal be min
To deme men aftir her fin;

þan sschal i somme deme
þat wol me now of londe fleme."
Wan þis was seid, þe Iues alle
On Iesu con þei loud calle;
Anon þei yef him dintes sore,
And helid his eyen, þat was wel more.
Vpon him þei gonne crie:
" Wat helpiȝ þe þi *pro*phecie?
Telle vs now, wo smot þe,
Iyef þou wolt we leue on þe."
þosse þei ferden alle þe nitht,
Til hit sprong þe day litht.
Wan it was dai, þei token red
To do Iesu to þe ded.
þei bonden him swithe sore,
þer ne wold þei dwelle no more.
Anon þei token þe gate,
Til þei comen to sire Pilat.
With oute him dorst þei notht do
þing þat fel him to do,
For he was man of gret baillie,
Of alle þe lond he had maistrie.
Now at Iudas wol i dwelle,
And somdel of his sorwe telle.
For þe tresoun þat he maked,
Alle is game is tornd to glade.
Wan is game was alle gon,
He fel in wanhope son anon;
He nold of Iesu merci craue,
For he wend non to haue.
He seid to þe Iues kene,
And seid to hem as i wene:
" Ich haue him sold with enuie,
And i haue do wel gret folie.
Certes Iesu y forsoke,
For þe penies þat i toke.
Witht oute gilt i haue him solde,
Mi sinnes bith tornd manifolde."
þan answerd þe Iues alle,
And to Iudas gon þei calle:

The Jews beat him and mock him;

at last they bind him and go to Pilate.

Judas, in despair,

accuses himself before the Jews.

The Jews will have nothing to do with Judas.

"We ne hauet no þing of þe to do
Of þing þat þou seidist vs to.
Wel þou sest in owre nede,
þou it outest mest to drede.
Yif þou hast him don vnritht,
On þe wol falle alle þe plicht.
[leaf 127] Wan þou him to vs soldest,
Veire moneie for him þou toldest;
þo þow ver paied, so wer we,
Mai þar non amendes be."
Iudas herde þe wordes hille,
Of his lif he gon fille.
In þe temple þer he stod,
He quok so he wer wode.

He throws the thirty pieces at their feet,

þe þritty plates þat he tok,
Out of his lappe he ham sschok,
And slong hem doun son asket
Alle bi for þe Ieues fet.
Sithen fro hem gon he gon,
He tok þe wei him silue to slon.
In to a priue stide he drotht,
þer he hauid of his wille inotht:
With inne a yerd of priuete

and hangs himself on an elder tree.

Him silue henged him an an elre tre.
His wome clef ful sket,
His gottes fellen to his fet,
Bodi and sowel was forlorn.
[*No gap in the MS.*]
His wanhope his sowel schend,
With outen ende to pin he wend.

The Jews take the silver,

þe Ieues seichȝ þe siluer britht,
þei nome hit vp with herte litht.
Son anon þei gon striue
And grete contek for to driue,
Wat hem were for to do.
Summe seid so and so;
Somme seid: "hit biouitȝ notht
In to þe temple to bi brotht,
Ne to do in no tresorie,
For it is ful of felonie."

þis strif þei fellen son a non,
A token her consail euchon
þat þat siluer schold bien ham lond
For to holden in har hond
To strue þefes þer wit inne,
Wen þei founden hem with sinne ;
Stronge men al so to drawe,
Her owen pouste for to haue.
Forth þei yȝeden in her wise
Anon to mak marchandise.
þei bothen þe mount of Caluarie — and buy the Mount of Calvary with it, as a place to hang thieves.
Fort to holde in her baillie.
Sithȝ apon þat þilke place
To hengen mon þai maden a space.
þat castel was wo bigon, — So that money has done mischief after mischief.
So bigilid nas neuir non :
First was Iesu þar for sold
And Iudas had þe peniis told,
Sithen þer witht a place was botht,
þar on was God to deth ybrotht.
þat ilk stide hi vndirstod,
Men clipetȝ it þe feld of þe blod.
Of þis wille i no more telle,
On anthir þing imot dwelle :
Of Iesu þat was hard biset — Jesus, taken before Pilate
And bi for sire Pilat fet.
þe Ieues be gon Iesu to wreie
And a partie for to leie.
" We hauen," hi seiden, " bi for þe brocht — and accused by the Jews,
A man þat hauez moche wo wrotht. — makes no defence.
He maket þe folc to lef him inne,
þer of ne wold he neuir blinne.
Yet he seitȝ another þinge :
He is God and Ieues kinge.
Euche man þat sethȝ suche þing,
Witȝ seitȝ Cesar, oure king."
Pilat seid with mithe of mod
Anon to Iesu þar he stod :
" Is hit sotht þat tesmoing' ?
Spec nou othir cast assoing'.

Still Pilate does not find any guilt in him;

Art tou god is son of heuene?"
Iesu seid with3 god steuene :
" þou hit seist, i ham he ;
[lf. 127, back] I am nou presentid te þe."
Pilat seid aparti loude
To þe Ieues kene and proude :
" Sikirli and mi leawte,
As Iesu seith3, hit biouit to be.
I ne finde in him no gilt,
Wi men scholde him bet and pult."
þe Ieues bi gonnen for to crie :
" Sire Pilat, þou seist folie.
Howre folk in bileue god,
þei brothen hem in another mode.
Moche folc he as torn vs fro
In þis contre and in othir mo
With3 inne þis þ3re wintir, so iwene,
Als wide so he haue3 iben,
þat is now fro þe cite
Hout of þe toun of Galilee."

since he was born in Galilee, Pilate sends him to King Herod.

Pilat seid to þe Ieues alle,
þe wisest of hem he bad forth3 calle :
" Wite son and warne me,
Ief he was born in Galilee."
On answerd fot hot :
" Of þat lond he was, ywot."
Pilat seid : "if hit be so,
I wot wel wat is to do.
þe king Heroud of þat lond
þat regne holdeþ in his hond,
yef he be of pouste,
þe dome fallit notht to me.
Ledith him to Heroude þe king
And seith3 i send him greting ;
Bidit him do alle his wille
Of þis man þat ye wold spille."
þe Ieues tok her wei anon,
To Heroude þei conne gon,
Til þei comin with god pas
To þe cite, þare Heroud was.

Heroud sachȝ Iesu comming,
He yiede him ageine with walking.
Muchil he willid him to se
Mor þan icon telle þe.
þe Ieues comen son and sket,
And felle bi-for Heroud his fet;
Her message conen þei to him telle,
For lothȝ hem was longe to dwelle;
Bi for Heroud in his halle
Ifele of Iesu þei speken alle.
Heroud seid: "welcom Iesu.
Me liketh þat i se þe nou.
I þanc him þat þe hidir send
And þei þat to mi palais wend.
Pilat hauit now idon welle,
Mi wrathȝ foryieue i him euridel,
For Iesu is send fro him to me,
Sei me somdel of þi pouste;
Alle mi wroith is fro him nomen,
Now þou artt to me comin.
I haue herd spec moni talking,
þou hast don moni selkouth þing:
þe blind men makedist to se,
þe doume to spek, þe deue to hire,
Wodmen madest hole anon,
þe croked men þou madest gon.
Do nou for þe loue of me
Some miracle þat y mai se."
Iesu was greuid sore,
He wold notht be greuid more;
He hanswerd noth, he stod stille,
Rocht he notht of Heroud is wille.
Heroude can him anon þrete,
He did him spoule and sithen bete.
Wan he was betin of hem alle,
Heroud is men seit on þe halle;
A cloþiden Iesu with wors clothes,
A sworen his deth with moni othis.
Heroud seid: "i him forsake.
þai þat him broth scholle him take,

Herod welcomes Jesus and wants to see a miracle.

Jesus makes no answer, and is beaten by all the men present.

Herod annoyed

[leaf 128]

sends him back for Pilate to do with him what he likes.

To Pilat agein ye scholle him lede,
þan rewith me noth of his dede.
Of þis man he do is wille,
Yief hewolle him saue oþir spille."
þe Ieues anon nom her gate,
Agein þei comen to for Pilate,
þei tolden him tiþing glade,
Heroud and he wer frendes made:
"With Iesu he bad do þi wille,
Woþir þou wolt him saue oþir spille."

Pilate proposes to set Jesus free in honour of the Passover.

Pilat anon gan to him calle
þe princes and þe maistres alle;
He seid: "of Iesu he had blame
þat we waiten him with schame.
I ne mai in him noþing finde
Wer for he schol him bet oþir binde."
Pilate he seid: "lustet to me,
I wol yow telle wonderȝ þre.
It is costume in þis londe
Of þis paske þat is ner hond,
þat yif a man be in prisoun
For manslath oþir þefte ydon,
þat of prisoun he deliuered be,
With oute dome þai ssal go fre.
I rede þat ye Iesu take
And lete him al quite scape.
Bot furst we wolle he beted be,
Sithen of lond do him fle."

The Jews refuse.

þe Ieues connen hard crie,
And speken wordes of felonnie:
"Yef he hauet do noth hille,
We ne wold him noth spille."

Pilate is grieved, and speaks to Christ apart.

Pilat was aparti greuid,
For þai speken in heuid.
He tok Iesu, an wend with oute,
And asked him þat was in doute.
Iesu answerd in euene wei
To alle þat Pilate couthe sei.
Wile þe nou stonde þere,
I wol you telle of tresoun more.

þe princes and þe maistres alle
Bileued stille in þe halle.
þei calleden forth Ieues kene,
And token a conseile hem betwene.
A deliuerance wolde þei haue,
Of wạt manne þei wolde craue.
þei haueden in prisoun Barabas,
Bothe traitour and þef he was,
Deliuere þei wolden heuchon,
Iesu Crist þei wold slon.
Pilat anon he com gon,
He seid to hem: "wat wol we don?
Yef ye wol don aftir me,
Iesu schal deliuered be."
þe Ieues seiden: "certes nai,
He schal deie þe silke dai.
þer es Barabas þe þef,
Deliuere him to vs þat is vs lef."
Sustneȝ nou a litil pas,
I wol yow telle of Sathanas.
He þotht wel of god is sonne
þat he was in herþe com to wonne.
He wist, yef Iesu mitht fortȝ gon,
He schol haue lawes mani on,
And Iesu mitht mid his deth bie
Soules þat werin in fend his baillie.
A tresoun he fonde for to don,
Yef he mith torn þer ton.
Alle bi nitht he yiede ful stille,
His þotht he fondid to ful fille.
He com to Pilat his wif,
He wolde haue saued Iesu lif;
þar heo lay and slep ful faste.
Tristilich in hir caste,
Wat he seid and with hire speke:
"Of þin harme i warne þe yet,
Bid þin lord witht god red
þat he do notht Iesu to ded,
For he þat procured him to falle,
þei schul ben condempned alle.

The council of the Jews

determines to set Barrabas free and to slay Jesus.

Satan, who is afraid of Jesus' doings after his death,

warns Pilate's wife to save Jesus.

[lf. 128, back]

He was taken with tresoun,
With wrong he is in prisoun.
Hee þat þis tresoun furst bigan,
þe pine of helle to him he wan."
Pilat his wif herde þe wordes sore,
A word ne durst þo spek no more;
Sithen a yiede to Pilat,
þer he sat on dom is gat,
Als a schold demen Iesu.
He seid: "Pilat, wat wol tou?
Pilat, iholde þe for wode,
Yif þou do Iesu ocht but gode.
Leue notht on þe Ieues rede
For to do Iesu to þe ded.
Slepind iseyith, ich wol þe telle,
A beste, iwen he com fro helle.
Lolich he þratte me
For Iesu, so he dide þe.
He þat brotht him bi forn,
With outen hende he is forlorn.
þe best was ful grisli,
I ne sachȝ neuir so lodli,
I ne was neuir so fordrad,
Sith y was of mi modir fed.
Deliuer now Iesu fro þe,
Lest þat best mai com to þe."
Pilat herde þe wordes alle,
þe Ieues to him gan he calle.
þei ben aboute to haue here wille
Of Iesu: "wat hauet he don hille?"
"He seid vs schame and eke schonde
And famid vs in euche londe,
And sithen yiet a nothir folie:
þat he hauet of vs maistrie,
King of Ieues he doth him calle;
Such aren is dedes alle."
Pilat seid to Iesu,
And he him answerd: "wat seist þou?
In pes þou mitht be for me,
Bot for men of þi cuntre;

She tells her husband of her vision,

and asks him to spare Jesus.

Pilate tries again,

but without success.

Bissops of þe lawe with envie,
þei þenketh do þe gret folie.
No þing it nis long on me;
þat thow schalt son ise."
He called forthȝ a wiked squier,
He bad him fet watir cler.
Wan þe watir was to him brotht,
He woiss his hondes so he had þocht.
He seid to þe Ieues kene:
"Of þis ded wol i be clene
And of þe spilling of his blod,
I ne find in him no þing bot god."
þan answerde þe Ieues kene:
"Alle his blod be on vs sene,
God leue þat alle þe sinne falle
On vs and on owre children alle."
þan spac Pilat, þer he stod,
To Iesu with milde mod:
"Iesu," he seid, "bithenche þe,
Alle þis folk biholdeth on þe,
For þow takest newe lawes,
þat wer notht vsid bi our dawes."
Iesu seid anon his þotht:
"Of þis word ne rechit me notht,
I nel make her no maistrie,
In othir stide is mi baillie.
Mi regne is in heuene litht;
þer in iwot wat his mi mitht.
Yief mi regne ne wer notht here,
Angles þat ben me ful dere,
Agein þe Ieues ha mist me were,
þat non of hem me schold dere;
Bote mi regne is me for fro,
Mi fadir is wille schal fortȝ go."
Pilat seid: "þant artou king
In þis world of alle þing?"
Iesu seid: "þou seist wel so,
In þis world i haue to do,
In þis world i was born,
I come to seche þat was forlorn,

Pilate then washes his hands to be clear of innocent blood.

The Jews take the blood on themselves.

Pilate again addresses Jesus, who says his kingdom is not here, but in heaven;

[leaf 129]

his Father's will must be done.

Neuir to fist nor to swern,
But of treuth witnes berin,
And euche man þat leuet sochnis,
Hii schol haue heuene both mor and las."

Pilate asks at last: "What is truth?" Jesus makes no reply.

Pilat seid: "i bid þe,
Wat sothnis is, þow telle me."
At is word Iesu stille stod,
He seid nothir iuel no god.

Pilate delivers him to the Jews,

Pilat seid alle ful of þotht,
þat he mitht don ne wist he noth.
Anon he seid to þe Ieues þo:

after having in vain proposed to let him go.

"Wat wol ye with þis man do?
Sinne hit is to spille his blod,
I ne find in him bot god.
Gode is þat we letin him go
To þe londe þer he com fro."
þe Ieues seiden to Pilate:
"Ief þou let him go is gate,
Cesar is frende þou nart noth holde;
He hauid ido so we þe tolde.
Deliure vs Baraban þe þeef,
And sithen do him peine gref.
Bot yef þou do so we þe sein,
þou schalt in ivel deth deien."
Pilat douted no more,
A token Iesu þan þere,
He deliured him to þe Ieues alle.
"Doth," he seid, "wat wol bi falle."

The Jews take off Jesus' clothes,

þan bigonnen þe Ieues kene
To spoille Iesu hem bitwene,
Of him þei diden is clothes,

bind him to a pillar,

A sworin his deth with moni othes,
A bounden him to a piler,

beat him with scourges,

And token scourges stark and ster,
And betin him whle hit wold last,
Als þei wolde a rude beste.
Iesu body þer hit stod,
It ron alle with red blod.

and make a crown of thorns for him.

Yiet a nomen þornes kene,
And madhim a gerlond hem bi twene

And set apon his heuede;
Was with hem no merci leuid.
Biside Pilat Iesu stod,
For he was euir swithe god.
Y seid: "ihaue wonder of þe,
þou ne bidist no man helpe þe.
Weȝen art þou? wat is þi name?
Strong artou to soffri schame.
I rede þou crie vs merci alle,
þe betir somdel þe mei bifalle."
Iesu stod, answerd he notht.
Pilat seid: "wat is þi þotht?
Deignestou noth to spek mid me,
Wile þou art in mi pouste?
þou wost wele þat imay
Saue þe þis ilke dai,
Oþir imai do þe to ded:
Alle is at mi nowen red;
Of þi bodi y haue pouste
To don hit honge on rode tre."
Iesu seid to Pilat:
"Of þi pouste noth i notht;
Pouste ne hauestou non of me,
Bot þat is igraunted þe.
For þi he hauet more sinne
þat iaf me hope to þis world is vinne."
Pilat lad Iesu þer owte,
þe Ieues gedirid him alle aboute.
Anon Pilat bigon to crie:
"þis his owre king in mi baillie."
þe Ieues crien: "we bidith þe,
Gef him dom to heng on tre."
Pilat seid: "is þat iowre crie
To deme men, bot me wiste wie?"
þe Ieues yiet þer þei stod,
þei cried so þei wer wode,
Alle þei seiden at a vois:
"Gef him dom to hang on croiȝ.
After þai hauen taken red,
Lawe wol þat he be ded.

nota

1112 1116 1120 1124 1128 1132 1136 1140 1144 1148

Pilate standing by speaks to Jesus, who makes no answer;

he then threatens him with his power,

but Jesus does not care.

Pilate tells the Jews:

[lf. 129, back]

"This is your King!"

The Jews say:

"Hang him on the cross!"

Doth þat to folie falleȝ,
Wan he him king calleȝ." 1152
Pilat seid: "i can no red,
Bot do him quit or sleth to ded."
The hellish Jews ask Pilate to crucify Christ. Þan answerd þe folc of helle:
"It fallit ous no folc to quelle. 1156
Ief him dom, hit fallit to þe.
Do him hong on rode tre."
Pilat seid in his torning:
"Wol iȝe cleue your heuene king?" 1160
Þe Ieues answerd son anon:
"Bot Cesar, king haue we non.
Graunt vs for Cesar is sake
Barraban of prisoun take." 1164
Pilat seid: "if hit be so,
Wat wol ye bi Iesu do?"
Alle þai seiden at one woiȝ:
"Yef him dom to henge on croiȝ." 1168
Pilate delivers Jesus to the Jews and lets Barabbas go free. Pilat grauntid hem her wille,
He yaf dom him to spille,
Baraban comandid he
Anon for deliuered be. 1172
They put on Jesus' clothes Purpir palle Iesu stod inne,
A rendin hit with outen winne;
His owin clothes þei gon take,
And clotheden hem w scham and sake; 1176
and drag him forth; A drothen him forth so þei wer wode;
þei þratten him to hong on rode.
"Þe dome is yefen, idemid is he,
yet they have no cross. Yet haue we no rode tre," 1180
þei seiden anon to sire Pilate.
"Go bi side fro gat to gate,
Til þou finde som seli tre,
War on he mai honged be." 1184
Forth þei ieden swithe fast,
At last they find one. A tre þei founden at þe last.
Wan þat ilke tre com þere,
Suche is nocht funden neuir here; 1188
Yef ye wolle a stounde dwelle,
Of þat tre y wol[1] you telle.

[1] a stounde *deleted.*

Daui, þe king, in his liue
Sette a tre to late þriue,
Of þe braunche3 þat he fond
þe leues al to gider he wond,
In a stoke of cedre tre
He sette þe braunche3 alle þre.
þe braunche3 wer of gret þris,
For þei wer brotht fro paradis.
þei werin nomin withoute strif
And koruen of þe tre of lif,
On woche tre þat appil grewe
þat doth vs alle to chaunge hewe.
þe appil þroth Eue is rede
Broth Adam to þe ded,
For þi it was a ful god þoth,
For deth was þroth þe appil brth,
þat lef schold of þat ilke tre,
Som time schold he taked be.
Daui king þe braunches sette,
And in rote alle þei mette.
Be þan þe yere was forth gon,
þei stoden and wast euchon.
Foure manere tren þar weren
þat weren tren to geder þre:
Of cedre was þe first rote
þer inne grewe our allre bote,
Cipres, þe plane tre,
þe ferþe was oliue, itelle þe.
Far þai were and wide þei sprad,
þe king þer of gamen he had.
þritti wintir al bi dene
þe leues werin euchon grene;
With inne þe time þat isei þe
Hit was waxin a ful feir tre.
Yit hit stod and fast gan sprede,
Sithin þe king Daui was dede.
For him was mad gret mening,
Bot Salomon þer wa makid king.
He was his sone and of age,
þer for he had þe heritage.

King David had planted three branches on a stock of cedar tree;

they came from the tree of life in Paradise.

They grew together into a tree of four sorts:

[leaf 130]

cedar,

cypress, plane and olive.

The leaves were green for thirty winters, and the tree

continued to spread after David's death.

Solomon was made king.

He started to build a church,

Anon he þotht to mak a work,
To seruen inne bothe prest and clerk.
Men of mister he had sleie,
þei maden þe werk to risen heie.
In Ierusalem þe cite
þei maden a chirche ful of clarte.

and needed a tree.

Wan hit was nechȝ vp ibrotht,
Of a tre þei haueden þotht;
Son þei yede bifor þe king,
And tolden him of har missing.

They tried to take the tree from his orchard and to make it suit their purpose, but they could never get it right—

Salomon stod so he ne rotht,
Of þis tre he him be þotht;
In his horcherd a tre grewe,
Fair it was and of on ewe.
He seith wel hit was long ynoth,
He dide hit falle euche a bothȝ.
Wan hit was fallid, þei gon hit wirche,
þei berin hit to þat y chirche.
Als þei droth þe tre on heie,
þe werk waxed so vn sleie,

it was always either 4 ft. too short

For hit was schortir þan þe make
Bi four fet, gret marc to take.
Gret wondir þotht him wit alle,
For tene þei letin hit doun falle.
Bot þei wenden hem among
þat þei had maked wrong;
Of þat tre þei gan marke take,

or too long—

þan was hit lenger þan þe make
Bi four fet gret and more.
þen þei sworin it schold be þere;
þei wrothin hit wit maistrie,
And lokeneden hit with envie,
þei wenden haue sped ful welle,
þe met of þat oþir ne wol it notht del.
Hit was schortir þan þe make,
Awei þei slongen hit alle for wrake.
þei sothen anoþir wer þei mith,

because its destination was quite different.

þar hit was wrong and no rith.
Anoþir work it wold abide,
þar for ne micht hit noman hide;

Abide hit wold anoþir honur,
To bere Iesu oure sauueour.
Hit was leide ouir a pitte,
þenne mitht hit noman flitte,
Ofer a streme of watir clene,
In stid of brigge, al so iwene.
Sone to þe watir grounde
Hit sanc in a litil stounde ;
Hit lai þer longe in watir so,
Nom þer nomen yem þerto.
Godde þat red his of alle rede
Soffred deth for man is nede,
He honured þat ilke tre,
Alle so ymai telle þe.
Euche dai fro heuene litht
þeder Iesu send an angel britht.
þe angle mad þe watir so flowe,
Wen he schol þeder rowe.
þei þat were þe streme biside,
þer inne þei seith an angle glide ;
þat was a time of euche dai ;
Wan he had don, he went awai.
Wo so mith in him ritht
Bathen him aftir his flicht,
þo þat were sek with alle,
Her seknisse schold fro hem falle.
Yef þei wer blinde and scholden se,
Yef þei wer crokid, ritht to be ;
Of alle manere iveles hole
Sek men had her bot þere,
Alle for þis holi tre is sake,
For hit was with oute make.
þe time is comin now to þat tre,
þe Ieues han hit in her pouste.
þei droth it forts so þei wer wode,
A diden make þer of a rode.
Wan hit was mad, iwol yow telle
With wordis feir, mek and stille :
With foure endes hit was schsrad,
For Iesu wold þer on be sprad,

1272 Then the tree was made into a bridge,—
1276 it sank to the bottom of the water and remained there.
1280
1284
An angel came every day to make the water flow;
1288 [lf. 130, back]
1292
all sorts of sick men were healed by bathing in it.
1296
1300
The tree's time is now come. The Jews seize upon it and make a cross;
1304
1308

þat both his hondes mith take
To euche hende with oute sake;
His fet to þe nichir hende
Schld be nailed so þei wende.
Of wat maner tre it was mad alle,
Godmen, nou iwol you telle.

the long piece is cypress, the crossbar olive,

Of cipres þe lengest was mad alle,
For his bodi schold seme smalle.
þe bred þat his armes leggen on
Of olif was purueid an ouen on,
For hit was brith and feir tre,
Me mith hit fer wel ise.

the part in the earth cedar.

þat at in þe herthe stod,
Hit was of cedre swithe god,
For hit ne schold noth rotiinne,
So longe so hit stod þer inne.

They bore holes in the tree to receive the nails, two for the hands and one for the feet.

Somme þei borid hit with oute winne,
Bores þei mad moni þer inne,
For hem þoth þe tre was hard
Nailes to driuen inne wel scharp.
þei þotht þat God was much long also
Bores þei mad, nold hit noth be so.
A bor to þat on hond, anothir to þat othir,
A bor to þat o fot, nold þei no noþir;
Wan it was mad an greid al so,
Euche of þe Ieues þan wer ful wo,

To make nails they want a smith, but the one they find is a good man who loves Jesus.

To make nailes gon þei go.
[*No gap in the MS.*]
þei founden a smiþ ful sone,
þei bedin him bi sonne and mone
þat he schold hii him faste
To make nailes þat schold laste
To naile Iesu Criste on þe rode,
A crieden so þei wer wode.
þe smithe herde, he was ful wo
Aboute þe nailes for to go.
To Iesu hauid he wille god;
He wolde beleue, and vndirstod
þat he was euir a prophete;
Loþ he was to nail his fete.

He answerd with herte fre,
He þoth Iesu is frend to be,
He seide to þe Ieues alle :
" A nothir smith biouith you calle
For to make youre nales tþȝre,
To dai gette ye non for me."
In his bosom he held is honde,
He seid he hordid him with a bronde,
þar on he seid he hauid suche pine,
" þat hi wene mi lif to tine."
þan answerd þe Ieues kene
To þe smith with herte tene :
" Now we witin, þou feintist þe
On þin honde scornid to be.
Drawe þin hond vt of þi clothes,
For we wol swer and holde our othe3,
Bot þou do, as we an sworin,
þi lif schal ben son for lorn."
þus þai þraten him in her[1] sawe,
His hond þei didem him forth to drawe.
þen þer was a nothir space
Gret toking of God his grace ;
His hond bi for noth sor had be,
God yef hit þen sore to be se.
Hit ferd so it had be sor,
þoth3 hit was neuir þe mor.
þe Ieues sath þat hit was so,
þei wold him non iuele do.
Forth com þe Ieue is wif,
þat waried worth euer hir lif.
Bi for þe Ieues þar he stod,
A spak hir lord litil god.
" Sire," ha said an cried heie,
" Sithen wan hauedistou þis maladie ?
Yorstin heue wan þe dai was gon,
Hiuele on hond hauedist þou non.
Sire, þe nailes of þe
Schullen noth vnmaked be.
Wer astou ben among vn pees
Sithen to dai þat þou ros ?"

He says that he has a sore hand.

The Jews not believing him make him put forth his hand from under his clothes ;

[leaf 131]

by God's grace it looks sore.

The smith's wife questions his illness,

[1] *MS.* her.

and makes the nails herself.

A toke þe wei in to þe smithye,
A brac þe ire on þe stidie,
A brac it in pecis þre,
þer of schold þe nailes be.
A mad þe nailes at har wille,
Iwis it was a dede ful hille;
A toc hem þe Ieues sone,
Acors hir God þat sittetȝ in trone.

The Jews hurry back to Pilate.

Anon þe Ieues tok her gate,
Loth hem was to com to late.
A comen to Pilate, þer he stod,
And Iesu with milde mod;
Biside hem seten þe Ieues kene
And helden her consail hem bi twene.
A token þen þer here rede
To do Iesu Crist to þe dede.

They make Jesus bear the cross himself.

Yiet bi gon þei to striue
And gret contek for to driue,
Among hem alle so þei weren wode,
Asked wo schold ber þe rode.
Som seid: "wo but he
þat honget schal þer on to be?"
þan þe Ieues euchon
Acordeden þer and weren at hon.
Iesu þei dide þe rode to bere,
Michil a þothen him to dere.
Ha laddin him to þe cite,
Wolde þei on him no merci se,

Two thieves are with him, a weeping crowd following.

Two þeues with him al so
þat schold with him to deth bi do.
Him folwed men with gret rewith
Sore wepind alle aboute,
Wifes and maidnes wepind sore,
For Iesu mithte þei no more.

Jesus speaks to the women: they must not weep for him, but for themselves, for strange times are to come.

Iesu setȝ wimmen wepe;
He spek to hem wordes swete:
"Wimmen out of Bethleem,
Maidnes out of Iherusalem,
Wepeȝ yie noth for me,
For no þing þat ye mowen se.

For your silue ye mowen wepe
And for your chelder teres lete.
þe daies ben on coming faste
þat ye fro you your ioie schol caste.
Vpon your fadres ye schul crie — They will wish they had never been born.
And vp your modres i sowe seie:
'Fadres, wer to wer we boren?
Michel rewitht is you bi forne.
Modres, wer to wer we foth broth?
Ws wer betir we ner noth.
We sullith to þe montaigne grede,
þer ye stondit3 agein your dede.
Montaing, we wolle þat ye falle [lf. 131, back]
Anon to hidin vs alle.'
3iet it mai so falle and be,
Wel more wondir schul yie se."
þe Ieues ledden Iesu wit3 yre, They meet Simon in the street,
So dide Pilat, þe gret sire.
Also þei ledden him in þe strete,
An vnked man con þei mete.
Symon was his nam kend,
He yiede swithe his herend to wend
Of nedes þat he hauid to do;
Wen he come, þei seid him þ3o,
þe Ieues preiseden him alle,
Anon[1] þe conen to him calle.
"Maister," þei seiden, "þou hiist fast, and ask him to bear Jesus' cross.
For wel ar tow mette at þe last.
A man is among vs led,
He his weri alle for bled,
He berith him silue þat ilke tre,
Wer on he schal hanged be.
þilke burth3en þat he berith
To gon swithe miche him derith.
Wol tow nou for owre sake
þat of þis man þe rode take?
Bere it þer hit schal be,
Muchil wol we þanke þe."
Symond answerd and seid: "nai, Simon refuses;
I ne mai nocht bi þis dai."

[1] *MS.* Amon.

þe Ieues answerd son anon:
he is forced to carry the cross.
" Of þis harlot is gret scron.
Forsakest þou to bere þe tre,
Sithen we han bedde þe?
Take it vp and do þe to gon,
Or we wol brek þi sulder bon."
Symond sachȝ it nas no bote
To striuen agein her mote;
Symond nam þe rode anon,
And bar it on his schildir bon.
On the Mount of Calvary they put down the cross.
þe Ieues dide him ber it with envie
To þe mont of Caluarie,
þar a setten þe rode tre.
Of Iesu had þei no pite,
They strip Jesus and share his clothes among them.
A dispoilleden him swithȝe naked,
And mad him stond alle naked,
Abouten him a leiden is clothes
To delen hem with outen oþȝes.
Withȝ oute sinne his clothes were,
þat a deleden among hem þere.
Wan þei haueden here wille,
þei scorneden Iesu with vn skille.
A tþhratten as þei were wod
To do Iesu on þe rode.
They lay the cross down on the ground, and Jesus naked upon it.
Wan he was on rode don,
I wol yow telle son anon.
A token þe rode with stordi wille,
A leiden it on þe herthe stille,
A token Iesu, þar he naked stod,
And leiden him wid opene on þe rod.
His arms are a foot short of the holes.
To þe bores a leiden is armes swete,
To lok yef þei wer þer to mete.
Als þei lokeden of him þo,
His armes mith nothȝ com þer to;
Bi a fot with oute lesing
Ne mitht his honde come to þe boring.
þe Ieues seithȝ þat ilke þing,
Anon þei werin in discordig,
Ham was loth othir bores to make.
Ropes þei gonnen take,

A didin a rope on oeuche[1] honde,
þe blod barst out for streite bonde;
On euche half þe bodi þei gon drawe,
Til a mitht is hondes to þe bore haue.
þe sinewes borsten, þe hide al so,
Lithe fro lithe didin al so.
A token þe nailes, tolden bi tale,
A drofen þroth3 his hondes smale.
þei lokeden to his fet britht,
A seiden: "þai lien notht aritht."
Anon þei token a rop to last,
A didin it on his fet hard and fast.
Anothir on his brest with muche wrong,
A drowen is fet ouer þe bor neith a span long.
His schankes þe breken, wo was him begon,
Of him no rewith3 haued þei non.
A token is fet, a werin ful clene,
And leiden ham over þe bores iwene.
A token a nail swithe grete,
And sithen drof hit þroth3 is fete.
Out of is heuid þe blod ron,
Was neuir mon so bigon;
Was him noth3 so muchel beleued
Wer on he mitht reste is heuid,
Bot lenid hit ouere is schuldir bon,
Of him ne haued þei merci non.
Wan he was alle þusse idon,
þe rode a reriden vp anon;
Vpon þe mount of Caluarie
A setten it vp with envie.
A setten it in a dep pitte,
For no man scholde it flitte;
Sithen on kene con þei falle
And to Iesu con þei calle:
"**Litht** doun of þat harde tre,
King of Ieues yef þou be,
And we wol leue on þe rith
þat þou art man of muche mitht."
Anon Pilate a lettre wroth,
So seith3 seint Iohan þat wel wot.

With ropes they stretch his arms till the blood flows.

[leaf 132]

The same is done with his feet; it was horrible to see.

They raise the cross and fix it in a deep pit.

They kneel down and call to Christ in mockery.

Pilate writes a letter

[1] *or* o euche.

on a palm-tree branch, and sets it above the cross.

Apan a branche of palme tre
He dide it sette with herte fre,
He set it aboue on þe rode tre,
Men mitht it bothe red and se.
þe Ieues it withseiden muchil iwis
þat Iesu Nazaren it is.

It reads: "Jesus Nazarene, King of Jews," in Greek, Hebrew and Latin.

King of Ieues was þer on writen;
Wat it is, iye mou wel witen.
Greu, hebreu and latin
Was writen on þat *par*chemin:
Nazaren was greu, Iesu was hebreu,
King of Ieues for latin it stod yew.
Wat Pilat bitoknitȝ bi þis writh,
I wol you telle bi mi mitht.

The palm-tree means peace; Pilate hoped he should be in peace ever afterwards.

þe palme is a simple tre,
þat betokenit pees to be.
Pilat bad bi his word,
Hit schold be fastnid on palme bord.
He þotht, wan Iesu wer ded,
He ne dorst haue no nothir ded,
þat no folc ne schold torne him fro,
Bot þat in pees schod be euir mo.

The Jews do not like the inscription at all; but Pilate says it must remain.

þe Ieues lokeden no rede,
þai wer noth paied of þat dede.
To Pilat þei connen crie:
"þou hast writen fol gret folie.
Ne write notht: he is Ieues king;
Acht þou it write, it is lesing."
Pilat seid, þer he stod,
To þe Ieues þat þei werin wod:
"Alle with wrong ye blamith me,
So it is writen, it so schal be."

They hang two thieves by Christ's side.

þat seide þe Ieues kene,
A maden a striuing hem bi twene,
A hongeden two þȝefes Iesu bie,
To don him schame þei weren redie.
þat o þefe bi gan to crie:

One of them asks his mercy.

"Helpe v[illegible], lord, here we deie."
þat othir þef seid anon:
"Helpe of him ne hastou non.

How mitht he helpe þe?
þe deith him self ne mai notht fle."
He spac and criend mercie
To his felawe þat heng him bie.
" I wene," he seid, " þou art wod, [lf. 132, back]
þis man hatȝ don notht bot god.
He was notht wrotht to soffre ded,
He is dampned witht fals red.
We han don gret folie,
Rith it is þat we hit abie;
Bot þis man is fol of mitht,
He mai vs bringe to heuene litht."
He seide: "Iesu, i preie þe,
Grace þat þou graunte me.
Wan þou comist[1] in to þi blisse
þat þou þe ritht wei me wisse."
þan seid Iesu: "igraunt þe
In paradis for to be."
Of Iesu ne wol i no more telle,
þat othir þef tok þe wei to helle.
Iesu wist alle þat was gon,
þat he scholde deie anon.
He spac to þe Ieues þere,
He seid to hem: " me þorstetht sore."
þe Ieues herden þe wordes alle,
Heisil þei token menged with galle;
þo he bigan on rode to crie calle,
To pinen him þei thothen alle.
Suche drink him þoth vncouth,
Wen þe hit put to his moutht;
He forsok þat ilke þing
þat a setten him to drink.
He seid to hem þat weren him hende:
"þis ded is don and comen to þe hende."
þer stode bi side þe rode
Thȝre wimmen Maries gode,
Iesu modir, maiden clene,
And so dide Marie Maudeleine,
And so dide Marie Cleophee,
And Iohan, wre lord is priuee.

Jesus promises him, that on that very day he shall be in paradise.

Jesus is thirsty and they give him vinegar mixed with gall.

He says that the end has come.

The three Marys are standing near the cross with John, his favourite disciple.

[1] *MS.* comisti.

Bout owre lord þei wepid sore,
Was neuir non þat sorwed more.
Jesus commends his mother to John.
Iesu loked doun anon,
Bi held is modir and seint Iohan.
He seid to his modir fre:
"Bi hold þi sone on rode tre."
Iesu seid to Iohan tiȝenges newe:
"Iohan, bihold mi modir trewe,
Marie schal þi modir be,
And þou hire sone aftir me."
She weeps tears of blood.
Owre leuedi herde þe wordes swete,
Terres of blod he gon adoun lete;
Alle was hire face bebed in blod,
þar a biheld Iesu on þe rode.
þan Iesus seid, Iohan vndirstod;
To Marie he had wille god,
He nom ure leuedi to kepe son,
þei weren bothe maidenes clen.
Then he speaks to the people around, reminding them that there never was pain more painful than his.
Iesu spac fol mildelie
To þo folk þat stod him bie.
He seide: "bi þis weie space,
Abideth ȝ and bi hold mi face;
Loketh, woþir eni passioun oþir pine
Mai be biterir þan mine."
þe hol writh seith alle nai,
No pine to þe be nemned mai,
No no nothir mitht ful þing
Mai be nemned to þis pining.
About mid-day he suffers great pain and turns blacker than coal.
Hit was aboute þe middai,
Alle so ith you telle mai;
Britht and feir þe sonne schon,
Bot he forles litht son anon.
Iesu bigon gret pine to þole,
Great miracles happen: the day is changed into night, the stars lose their light, the temple wall cleaves, stones burst,
He waxe blaker þan oni cole.
þe dai torned in to nitht,
þe sterres bi nome þer her litht;
Gret wondir it was al so:
þe temple walle clef a two,
þe stones borsten with þat hete,
Ful ivele it was þe storme to mete.

[leaf 138]

þe men þat had be ded to forn
An hondrid wintir ar God was born,
For þat dene a connen rise
Hout of her graue with oute wise,
And yeden to þat cite,
þat men mitht with hem spec and se.
Alle wer þes dedes idon
Bi þe time of midai an þe non.
At þe time of þe non Iesu þe gode,
Also he honged on þe rode,
Loud he cried: "hely, hely, hely,"
And so he dide: "lamasabatany."
Wat þes wordes ben to seye,
I wol you telle and go mi weie.
"**Vadir** and God in trinite,
Wi hauest þou forsaked me?"
þe Ieues stoden him bi side,
A weren schend in her pride,
A wende he haued cliped Hely,
þat was a man in her crie.
A seid: "yef Hely nime him doun,
With schame schal he come to toun."
Yiet seid Iesu loud and stille:
"Fadir, ihaue don howre wille,
Fadir,[1] icome tȝbrochȝ þi rede,
With wrong icham brotht to þe deth.
Alle mi fon, fadir, þou knowest,
Do ham merci, yef þou owest.
Vader, ibitethe þe mi gost,
For it is þin, and þat þou wost."
He bowed his heuid swithe stille,
His gost passid aftir his wille.
þe wei anon he nom to helle,
Mitht him noþing dwelle;
Helle gate he brac stronge,
Ageim him wer þei stekin with wrong.
A weren of him so sore adred,
Yef þei mithten, þei wold han fled.
þei ne mitht in no wise cleime,
Here heritage is þer to ben.

1672 and men dead 100 years rise from their graves.

1676

1680

Jesus exclaims: "Hely, Hely," etc.

1684

1688 The Jews think he has called for Hely's (= Elias') assistance.

1692

Jesus commends his soul to God and dies.

1696

1700

1704 He goes to Hell, breaks down the gates,

1708

[1] *MS.* Fadi^{r}.

binds Satan,

Sathanas he bond faste
With stronge bondes þat mitht laste,
For he schal be bounden ai,
Til hit come to dom is dai.

and takes Adam and Eve to live in Paradise.

He vnbond Adam and Eue,
And othir mo þat wer him leue.
Anon he ladde hem out of helle;
How moni þar wer, ikan noth telle.
He ladde hem in to paradis,
þar blisse and ioie euir mor is.
Iesu þe fend is hous ouercom,
Blessid be þe time þat he becom man.

Centurio praises Christ and is sent to prison.

Biside þe rode stod a man,
His rith nam telle ican;
Ich wolle you telle wil me list.
Of Iesu muchil god he wist.
A gret crie he bigon to make,
Wan he þe wondes sei aslake.
To þe Ieues he seid his auis.
"Iesu," he seid, "was a man rith wis."
Centurio was his name,
For his worde he had schame.
þei diden him in strong prisoun,
þer inne he soffred passioun.

On the next day Joseph comes to Pilate, asking for Jesus's body.

þat othir dai aboute non,
Wan þe dai was half idon,
Of þe barnage of þe contre
þer com a riche man of fe,
Ioseph was his name rif,
He louid Iesu in alle his lif.
Son anon he nom þe gate,
Til he com to sire Pilate.
"**Pilat**," he seid, "ipreie it þe,
Iesu bodi þou graunte me."

Pilate grants the request, but first sends some knights to see if he is dead.

[*No gap in the MS.*]
"Fust wol i lok, if he[1] ded be."
One he cliped forthȝ anon a mon
[lf. 133, back] þat with Ioseph schold gon
þeder þar honged Iesu,
To lok if he ded be nou:

[1] *MS.* he þe.

"Yef he be ded, nim him doun stille,
Let Ioseph of him hab is wille."
þe knichtes connen for to gon,
To þe rode þei comen anon.
Furst þei comen to þe þefes two,
Bothe þei breken her hippes on two;
Sithen þei stoden in þe place,
A lokeden Iesu in þe face.
Wel þai seien Ihesu was ded,
To breken is bones was it no ned.
Biside þe rode stod a knitht
þat longe had for gon is sitht.
Longeus was is name,
He was bothe blind and lame.
þe Ieues diden him vndirstonde,
And put a launce in is honde;
þei setten to Iesu side:
"Put vp," þei seiden, "wat wol betide."
Longeus put þe launce him fro,
To Iesu herte gon hit go;
þe blod anon bi gon to springe,
And þe watir anon hout wringe.
Stille to stonde Longeus bi gon,
To is fingres þe blod doun ron;
With þe blod he wipid is face,
Of his sitht he hauid grace.
Ful sor bigom him to drede
Of Iesu for to hauen is mede.
On knen he bi gon to falle
And to Iesu crie and calle.
He bad him take þe bodi þer,
And þedre wandre he wold hit ber.
Ioseph tok þe bodi anon,
And bar it to a worþi ston.
Nichodemus was macoun god,
To Iesu he com with milde mod.
He brotht with him a specerie
To strawe wer Iesu scold[1] lie,
An oynnement his bodi to smerin,
þat no worme ne schold him derin.

Longeus, a blind and lame man, is made to pierce Christ's side with a lance.

He wipes his face with the precious blood and recovers his sight.

Joseph takes Christ's body to a grave.

Nicodemus, a mason, brings a spicery.

[1] *MS.* scôlod.

They wrap the body, and lay it in the grave.

þei nomen anon þe bodi schene,
A leiden hit in sendal clene.
Ioseph a sendal with him brotht,
He had it with is siluer botht.
þei diden is bodi in is graue,
Of him þei wist god med to haue.
þe specis god of swet odour
þei leiden aboute him for sauour.
Aboue Iesu þei leiden a ston fast,
Was it notht licht a doun to cast.
Wan þe bodi was leide in reste,
A yedin þer fro an diden her beste.

On the third day after this the Jews, remembering Jesus's prophecies, tell Pilate that the disciples may steal the body.

Sithen ayiein þe þridde dai,
I wol you telle and welle imai,
Of a contec and of a strif
þat was among þe Ieues ful rif;
Mitht non of hem þe contek stille,
Til þei wistin of Pilat is wille.
Anon þei nomen her gate,
Til a comen to sire Pilate.
" Sire Pilate, vndir stonde yow,
Of o þing we warne yow.
Iesu seid in his liue
A word þat maked vs alle to striue.
He seid to his disciples alle,
Gret wondir yef it be falle,
He seid to hem: 'and imay,
I schal rise þe þridde day.'
For þilke þinge we warn ow alle,
þou do þi men bifor you alle
And do ham wak þe stone,
Til þe þridde dai bi gone,
þat is disciples with no reisoun
[leaf 134] Amonge hem make no treisoun,
For to stelle his bodi bi nitht,
A bere it wer hem þinkiȝ litht.
þen mitht he telle and sei
þat Iesu wer risen and gon is weie,
For þan were is laste ded
Mor þan þe furste for to dred."

Pilat answerd as a man:
"Goth3 and loked him, if ye can,
Apon lond and apon lif,
Apon katel, apon wif."
Wan a were þus chargid þere,
A worde ne dorst þei speke more.
A clo þeden four knichtes gode
Amog þe Ieues þar þei stode.
þai diden hame armie swithe welle
Both with iren and with stele
þe knithtes connen anon wende
To þat graue fair and hende.
þan seid þat one: "hercnith3 to me.
Vs biouit3 sleie for to be:
On bihouit at his heuid wake,
A nothir at his fet to take,
Sithen on oneuche side.
Wat for þing so wol betide,
If it be ani man so stronge
þat wol com vs four amonge
And bringe with him men of pris
To stelle Iesu þer he lis,
Alle schol þei heuedid be,
Bot yef þei conen þe betir fle."
þosse þei bigon to manace,
þei drowen her swerdes in þe place.
Wel þei woken alle þat nitht,
Til hit sprong dai litht.
In þe dai þai fellen a slepe,
Haued þei no pouste him to kepe.
Iesu Crist in erþe lai,
Fro deth he ros þe þridde dai.
þe ouir ston he put bi side,
He nold no lenger þer abide,
He tok þe wei to Galilee,
þer mitht men with him spec and se.
þer he him schowed faire and schene
Furst to Marie Maudelene.
Iesu spac to þat wimman
bat a scholde to Petir gon,

Four armed knights are ordered to watch the grave.

One sits at the head, one at the feet, and one on each side.

At daybreak they fall asleep.

Jesus rises and takes the way to Galilee.

He speaks to Mary Magdalen, and sends her to his disciples and friends.

Te Petir and to þe posteles alle,
Wother a ben in boure or halle,
" And to Marie, mi modir dere,
And to seint Iohanne, hir trewe fere,
And sei to hem son anon
þat iham risen of þe ston,
And þat igo in Galilee,
Liuend in grete dignete."

She tells John and Mary and the disciples.

þe wimman forth con þo gon,
And did is bidding son anon.
He seid to Iohan and to Marie
And to his disciples þat werin sorie
þat Iesu was risen of is stone.
" In Galilee ischawe him gon,
For sothe i yowe telle mai :
I spac with him þis ilke dai."
Wan his disciples þis word herdin,
Witht muche ioie alle þei ferden.

The watchmen awake and see the grave open and empty, and an angel sitting on the stone.

Listeneth anon to mi speling,
Hi wille you telle a litil þing.
He þat had Iesu to kepind,
þei slepden to þe morweing.
Wan þe morweing was al gon,
þei sturten vp of slep euchon ;
þei lokeden abouten hem ful ille,[1]
þei wend ab funden him ful stille.
Wan þei seien þe ouir stone
Was dun pult and he was forthgon,
þei biheld þe ston with inne.

[lf. 134, back]

þei seien noth3 but clothes þer inne
And an angel feir and britht ;
He was comen fro heuene litht.
þe angel descendid to þe ston,
A restid him son anon.

They are afraid, and one counsels flight.

þe knithtes weren so sor adred,
þei leien doun so þei wer ded.
Of ham ros one at þe last,
And he cliped his felawes fast ;
He seid to his felawes :
" We han pleied vn seli plaies.

[1] *MS.* ştille.

Alas, wat eiled vs to slepe
þat we ne mitht him notht kepe?
þe bodi is risen and go is gate.
Wat mowe we sei to sire Pilate?
Alas þat euir we werne borne!
Owre heritage vs is forlorne.
Weilawei and wolawo,
Wat heiled vs to slepe þo?
Ne dare we no merci craue,
For we wene non to haue.
For þis þing we schollen be ded.
Alas, wat his owre beste red?
If yie wollo don aftir me,
Anon we schollen of londe fle."
A noþir þing he seid: "be ȝe stille. One says to tell Pilate the truth.
þis ded is do with God is wille,
þis ded nelle we noth forhelle,
Com no man her him to stelle.
Witht force he hauetȝ houen vp þe ston,
And wider he wille, he is gon.
He hauetȝ schewed gret mitht,
Yef it were destried rith.
We wolen seien so we hauen sen,
Wille we nocht of lond flen."
Anon þei nomen here gate, They do so.
Til þei comen to sire Pilate.
"Sire Pilate, wille tow here,
And of vs mithtow gret wonder lere.
Iesu þat we waked to nitht
He is man of gret mitht.
Risen he is, fro vs he is gon,
An aungel loketh is graue ston.
In his graue ne sachȝ we notht
Bot riche clotheyes welle iwrotht,
No noþir þing ne seien we
Bot þat þing þat we han told þe;
No com no þing him to stelle
No his bodi awei to bere."
Pilat seid: "ne seitht notht so,
If yie wene welle to do.

Pilate bribes them to say that the body was stolen.

Sei þat he was stolen yowe fro
Ouir alle, þer yie comin and go,
Witht gret force and gret mitht,
[*No gap in the MS.*]
Yie schullen for ioure seruise haue
So muchel god, so yie wol craue."
þei sworen bi her god Mahoun
þat hii ne schold telle in feld no in toun
þat Iesu was risen with is mitht,
Bot for men com for him to fitht,
þat armid men comen ful stille
And token is bodi agein owre wille.

O Christ, grant us never to forget thy sufferings, and so valiantly to fight against the devil, that we may come to the endless bliss of heaven.

Iesu Crist heuene king,[1]
Of wom is made þis preching,
Lene vs þis strong pining
To habbe in owre miming,
Agein þe deuil owre warant be,
Wan we schulle heȝen fle ;
And lene vs so wre lif to dithten
Agein þe deuel to fithten,
þat we mot to þat ioie wenden
þat euer lesteȝ withȝ outen enden,
þat is to þe blisse of heuene,

FINIS. Amen for his names seuene.

[1] *MS.* ẖ king.

THE NORTHERN PASSION.

(THE EXPANDED VERSION.)

[*Oxford MS. Rawlinson Poetry* 175.]

In parasceue d*omi*ni. Passio d*omi*ni n*ost*ri Ihesu Chr*isti* sec*und*um Marcu*m*, Matheu*m*, Lucam, *et* Iohannem.

All cristen men both more *and* les
þat in þis werld here wonand es,
Aw for to think both day *and* nyght,
And to haue mynd w*ith* mayn *and* might
How Ihesu Crist, our God so gude,
Boght vs w*ith* his *pre*ciouse blode,
And sufferd ded for our mysdede.
Here-to suld ilk a man tak hede,
And loue him eu*er* both loud *and* styll
þat slyke kyndnes wald schew vs tyll.
And, for þe passyoun of Ihesu Crist
Es medefull for till be puplist
And nedefull to all *cr*isten men
Clerely for to kun and ken,
þarfor þus es it ordand here
In ynglysch, lawd men for to lere.
Als haly writt wytnes *and* says,
Ihesus fasted fourty days
Ensaumple for till tech vs to,
ffleschly penance for to do.
þan þe fende þat es our faa
ffand þat he had fasted swa,
He hoped þat he had hunger grete
And sone wald fail for faut of mete.
To wildernes he went in hy
And temped our lord God al-myghty;
He knew no-thing of his godhede,
þarfor he wend w*ith*-outen drede
To ger him wirk som werkes wrang,

[lf. 55, back] It is both "meedful and needful" to all Christians to know about the Passion of Christ; therefore it is told here in English for the layman to learn.

Christ having fasted for forty days is tempted by the fiend in the wilderness.

By-cause þat he had fasted lang.
But he þat gouernes gud *and* ill
And all þis werld may weld at will
Sufferd fandyng of þe fende
And answerd euer *with* wordes hende,[1]
To gyf vs cause *and* enchesoune[2]
To suffer here sere temptacioune
Of þe fende and of our flesch
And of þe werld þat wyked es,
And euer stabily for to stand
And noght faintly to be fayland.
So sall we gett þe victory
Of þe fende our fals enmy,
Als Ihesus þare ouer-come þe fende
And at his will þethen gert him wende.
Afterward þan þus by-fell,
Als witnes beres in our gospell;
It neghed nere þe tyme certayne
þat Crist in erth suld suffer payne.

But he proved superior to all these attempts, and set us an example by his victory.

þe wordes wex full wonder wyde
Of his werkes on ilk a syde,
ffor ouer all in þat contre
He gert dom spek *and* blynd men se,
And draue out deuels fro men bidene,
And other signes þat oft was sene;
And als for Lazar þat he raysed,
Many of þe folk full fast him praysed.

His fame spread far and wide on account of the miracles done by him.

Bot þe iewes had gret envy
And said he ferd al [with][3] foly,
And fast þai ordand þam omell
How þai myght best his ferlies fell.
þe Iewes gert to-gyder call
þe Pharisews *and* Prynces all
And all þe maisters of þair lawes,
And þus þan said þai in þair sawes.
Si dimittimus eum sic omnes credent ei.
þai said omang þam euer ilk ane:

But the Jews were envious; they clubbed together and said:

[1] *Magrinal note in later hand:* gentle.
[2] ,, ,, ,, reason.
[3] *Supplied from* **H.**

"If we lat him þus furth gane,
All þe folk sall trow him in,
And so þan sall our lawes blyn;
Romains and folk of vncouth land
Sall feche our folk out of *our* hand
And do vs dole till we be ded,
And mak maistries here in *our* sted."
Cayphas was þair bysschop þan,
Thurgh *pro*phecy þus he by-gan
And sayd vn-to þe *pr*inces all:
"Ne wate yhe noght what will byfall?
A man bus vn-to ded be broght,
So þat all folk perysch noght."
þus he sayd thurgh *pro*phecy
þe ded of Crist to signify,
Bot of him-self he said it noght;
þe haly gast þe wordes wroght
To *pro*ue þat *C*rist, God son myghty,
For synfull man in erth suld dy.
A gret fest þan come nerehand
þat Pasch was named in þat land,
And all þai said, he suld be slane,
Als sone als þair fest war gane,
And all assented to habyde,
Till it war passed þat hegh tyde,
So þat nonekyns noys suld ryse
Ne no wonder on none wyse;
For in þat tyme it wald noght seme
Any man tyll ded at deme.
And when þe fest days war ful-fyld,
Ryght als *C*rist him-seluen wyld,
He drogh him to þe same cete,
Whare he wist he suld demed be.
He cald of his discipels twa,
And bad þat þai suld smertly ga
To þe cete þat by-for þam stode,
And þus he said *with* myld mode:
"Twa bestes bi-for yhow sall yhe fynd,
And baldly sall yhe þam vnbynd,
And vn-to me þat þai be broght;

"If we let him go, the folk will believe in him, and the Romans will injure us."

Caiaphas, their bishop, said prophetically—but not out of his own mind: "Better one man should die than all should perish."

[leaf 56.]

They resolve to slay Jesus, as soon as Pasch is over.

Christ draws near the city which should see his death.

He sends two of his disciples before him; they will find two beasts and are to bring them boldly to him.

And if any say to yhow oght,
Sais yhou*r* maist*er* of þam has nede,
þan sall þai suffer yhow gud spede." 108

They do so; Christ enters the town on the back of an ass covered with his disciples' clothes.

þe apostels went w*ith* hert glad,
And all þai fand, als Ihesu bad.
þai broght vn-to him bestes twa,
Ane Asse w*ith* hir fole all-swa. 112
þair clathes þai layd w*ith*-outen lett,
And Ihesu sythen o-bouen þai sett,
And so he rade vn-to þe toune.

Though the Jews seem to honour him, they hide envy in their hearts.

þai keped him w*ith* processioune 116
And did vn-to him gret honoure
Als þair souerayne *and* sauyoure,
Bot in all wirschepe þat þai did
Envy ay in þair hertes war hyd. 120
Bot neu*er*-þe-les in þat ilk day
W*ith*-outen harme he went o-way
Fra þa folk full of envy,
And toke þe way to Bethany. 124

At Simon the Leper's house, Jesus is well received.

Crist *and* his meneyhe myld *and* meke
Went to þe toune rest for to seke.
þai come vn-tyll a gud mans hows
þat named was Symon leprows, 128
And als þai at þair sopere satt,

Mary Magdalen washes his feet with her tears and dries them with her hair, crying bitterly for her sins all the while.

Mary Mawdelayn come in þat,
And vn-to Crist fast gan scho cry
And for hir mysdedes asked m*er*cy. 132
Doun scho fell *and* wesch his fete
W*ith* þe teres þat scho grete,
And sythen scho dryed þam w*ith* hir hare,
And for hir syns scho mo*ur*ned sare. 136

The smell of the precious ointment which she uses for the Master's head and feet spreads throughout the house.

Ane oynement w*ith* hir scho broght
þ*at* was of p*re*cyouse thinges wroght,
And þare-w*ith* scho enoynted hime,
Als men may fynd by-for þis tyme 140
In þe gosspell wha-sa will luke
þat sett es of hir in buke,
Bot þe p*ro*cess clerely to declare,
Here I sall yhit muster mare. 144
Als scho enoynted him heued *and* fette

And honour*d* him hir bales to bete,
þe oynement went o-bout full wyde
In þe hows on ilk a syde.
And ane of þam þat was þare in
Comberd was in sorow *and* syn;
Iudas Scarioth was his name
þat sythen soght his lord *with* schame,
He wald þat oynement sald had bene,
And þus he sayd to þam in tene:
"Me think," he said, "we do ryght ill
þis oynement þus gate for to spill.
We myght haue sald it sone on-ane,
And thre hundreth penyse *per*for tane,
And þat myght hane done mykell gud
To be gyuen to pou*er* mens fode."
Bot for pou*er* men said he it noght,
On his awen wynyng was all his thoght;
Fer he had all þair tresore hale,
And þe tend to him-self he stale.
þar-fore him thoght both skath *and* skorn
þat þis oynement so was lorn.
Ihes*us* þat kan all counsaill knaw
Answerd softly to þat saw:
Paup*er*es semp*er* habetis me aũte*m*
non semp*er* habebitis.
"Pou*er* men," he said, "sall yhe haue
Alm*us* of yhow for to craue,
At yhou*r* will yhe may þam gyf,
ffor I sall noght lang w*ith* yhow lyf.
þe werk þ*at* þis woman has wroght
Euer-mare sall be on thoght.
Scho dose full wele, lat hir all-ane,
Hir dede in mynde sall eu*er* be tane."
When Iudas herd þir wordes meke,
His awen sorow fast gan he seke,
And under in his hert he thoght:
"All þis sall avayl þe noght.
Vn-to þe Iewes I sall þe sell
ffor all þe tales þ*at* þou kan tell."
Vp fra þe sopere ryght he rase,

Judas Iscariot blames her for wasting such a precious thing which was worth 300 pennies, instead of spending the money for the poor;

but he only thought of his own advantage.

Christ answers softly: "You will always have poor men, but I shall not be long with you." [lf. 56, back]

Judas then conceives the idea of selling his master to the Jews.

He goes to the meeting of their princes and masters, and says:

And *gra*ythely to þe Iewes he gase,
And all to-gyder sone he fand
þe maisters of þe Iewes land
And of þair princes gret plente,
And vn-to þam all þus sayd he:
Quid uultis michi dare et ego eu*m* uobis tradam.

"What will you give me, if I deliver your foe into your hands?"

"What will yhe gyf me vn-to mede,
And to Ihesu I sali yhow lede?
Vn-to yhow now sell him will I.
Says if þat yhe will him by.
I wate w*ith* him yhow greues sare,
And I wald þat yhe venged ware."

They promise him 30 pieces of round pennies, and pay him at once.

þe Iewes vn-to him wele gan lythe,
A*n*d in þair hertes þai war ful blythe,
A*n*d sone þai said þai vowched saue
To gyf him what so he wald craue;
He asked of þam in þat stounde
Thretty plates of penyes rounde;
Vn-to his saw þai all assent
And hastily made þai his payment,
þus for his lord þat tyme toke he
Thretty plates of þair mone,
He was wele payd *and* so war þai;
When þis was done he went his way.
Quare Ih*esu*s uendebat*ur* p*ro* xxx^a^ denarijs

Why just 30 pennies?

Here may men þe enchesoun here,
Whi it by-fell on þis manere
þat our lord Ihesu was sald
ffor thretty penyes playnly tald
And nouther for les ne for mare,
þe verray cause I will declare.
Iudas als we haue herd here,
When þai satt at þair sopere
All samen in Symon leprows hall,
And Mary to Ihesu fete gan fall
W*ith* hir oynement p*re*cyouse,
þe odore went ou*er* all þe howse—
þan Iudas thoght, als it es kend,
þat þis oynement was euell despend,

And said þat it suld haue been sald
Thre hundreth penyes to haue tald
He was combyrd in couatyse,
And þarfor said he on þis wyse;
ffor all þat þai had for till spend
Was haly gyfen in-to his hend,
And in his bages o-bout he bare
All þair tresore les and mare,
And of all þat come to þam twelue
þe tend eu*er* tok he till him-selue.
In lytell purses eu*er* he stale
þe tend of þair tresore bi tale,
þat broght he eu*er* vn-to his wyfe,
þus cursedly h[e][1] led his lyfe.
And if þe oynement les *and* mare
Had bene sald, als he sayd are,
ffor thre hundreth plates fully,
þan suld him-self haue had thretty,
þat of thre hundreth es þe tende,
þat thoght he wele w*ith* him suld wende.
ffor the tend to him-self he toke
Of all þair syluer, als says þe buke,
And for þe tende comes to no mare
Of thre hundreth, als I said are,
Bot to thretty, als es sayd by-forne,
So mykell thoght him he had lorne,
þat suld haue comen in-to his wald.
þarfor his maist*er* so he sald,
And asked nouther more ne les,
Bot þat þe tend of þ[r]e[2] hundreth es,
þat es thretty trewly to tell.
When þis was done, he wald noght dwell,
Bot to his felaws he went o-gayne,
ffor þai suld trow in him no trayne.
Bot our lord Ihesu wist full wele
How he had done eu*er* ilk a dele;
Yhit said he noght, bot held him styll
ffor to p*er*fourne his fader will.
þe fest of Pasch come nere at hand,
And Ihesu Crist was traueland,

Judas carried all their money in his bags;

he used to steal one-tenth and bring it to his wife.

Now 30 pennies is a tenth of the 300 which he thought Mary had wasted for the precious ointment.

Judas went back to Jesus, who knew all he had done, [leaf 57] but said nothing.

[1] H. he. [2] H. þre.

Some of Christ's disciples want to know where he will hold the feast of Pasch.

And som of his discipels dere
Said to him on þis manere:
Ubi uis paremus tibi pascha?
"Whare will þou we puruay a place
In for to hald þis fest of Pasche?
Say till vs, *and* we sall wende
To mak redy whar þou will lende."

He calls Peter and John, and tells them to follow a man with water, whom they will meet in the street, to a house, where they are to announce Christ's coming.

þan Ihesus answerd sone on-one,
And cald vn-to him Peter *and* Iohne:
"Wendes," he said, "*and* yhe sall mete
A man *with* water in þe strete;
Waytes whare he beres þe water in,
And folowes him, for no-thing blyn.
þe lord of þe hows sall yhe fynde
A ryghtwyse man of noble kynde,
And vn-to him þan sall yhe say
þat I come walkand in þis way;
And sais [þat][1] I will in his hall
Rest me and my meneyhe all,
ffor þe tyme now neghes nere
Omang my frendes to mak sopere.
Now *with* my meneyhe will I make
þis fest of Pasch my leue to take.
Gase þider now, *and* graythes our mete
Of swilk gud als yhe may gete."

This is done, and the supper is made ready in that house.

þan þa apostels Peter *and* Iohn
Vn-to þe cete went on-one.
All þai fand als Ihesu bad,
And graythed þair mete *with* hert glad,
Swilk als þai fand in þe cete,
For þair maister and his meneyhe.
þan Ihesus and his men ilk ane
In þat hows þair ines has tane.

They sit down, Judas taking a seat just in front of the Lord and not forgetting his treacherous designs for a moment.

Ihesus bad þam all sytt doune,
And to his bydyng war þai boune.
Als he ordand *with* his word,
Doun þai satt all at a bord,
And Iudas wald no langer lett:
By-for his lord euen he him sett.
When þai war sett at his bydyng,

[1] *Supplied from* H.

Mete he bad þai suld furth bryng.
Mete *and* drynk þan þai furth broght
And ete *and* drynk, whils þam thoght.
All if Iudas *with* Ihesu satt,
His treson no-thing he forgatt,
Bot eu*er*-more he thoght on-ane
þat he suld be his maist*er* bane.
Ihes*us* toke bred þat lay him by,
And blyssed it ful bowsomly,
And sythen he brak it *with* his handes,
And to his men þ*us* he comandes:
" Ettes," he said, " now of þis brede,
It sall yhow saue fro euell dede;
It es my flesch þ*at* I yhow gyf,
Whare thurgh yhe may þe bett*er* lyf."
Sythen he toke þe wyne clere,
And blyssed it *with* myld chere;
And when he had gyfen his blyssyng,
He said þus to þam ald *and* yhing:
" Drynkes of þis drynk, it dose yhow gude,
þe drynk of lyf, it es my blode.
þis body þat yhe here se
ffor yhow sall be-trayed be,
For to clens yhow clene of syn
And other mo þat er þare-in.
Als oft als yhe þis fude sall take,
Mynd of me þan sall yhe make,
A law vn-to yhow sall it be
þat I will yhe lere of me.
With yhow now sall I ett no mare,
Vn-tyll I haue bene wyde whare,
Ne of þis drynk I sall noght taste,
Tyll I haue walked wayes wast
And till I drynk *with* yhow full euen
In þe kyngdom of my fad*er* in heuen.
For nedes it bus full-fylled be
Als haly writ wytnes of me:
With treson sall I be bitrayd,
And sythen ded *and* in layr layd,
And to lyf sall I ryse o-gayne;

Jesus gives his disciples bread, which is his flesh, and wine, which is his blood.

He tells them that his time has come, that he will soon be betrayed, put to death and buried, but that he will rise again.

So sall men se þe sone sertayne.
[lf. 57, back] Som of yhow has bene to bald
He warns the traitor, who had better never have been born. þat vn-to þe Iewes has me sald,
Ane of yhow has me for-saken,
And for me er þe penyes taken;
And wa bese done vn-to þe man
þat þis treson first by-gan,
I warn him now fully be-forn,
Him had bene bett*er* haue bene vnborn."
They all inquire who it is, and Jesus answers that he is sitting among them, filling his womb. When his discipels herd þis tale,
In þair hertes bred mykell bale,
And fast þai loked omang þam all,
On wham þis foule defaut suld fall.
And ilk one by þam-self serely
Said þus-gate: "lord, es it oght I
þat swilk treson has puruayd?"
þan Ihes*us* answerd sone *and* said:
"Ane of yhow þat w*ith* me ettes,
To fyll his wamb he noght for-getes;
He syttes here, als yhe may se,
Thurgh wham I sall bi-trayed be."
Judas rises and asks: "Is it I?" Iudas when he herd þis word,
Vp he rase ryght fra þe bord,
And all on hegh þus gan he cry:
"Num*quid* ego sum Rabbi?"
W*ith* gret voyce þus cryed he:
"Maist*er*, menes þou oght bi me?"
"Yes," is the answer. Then he goes away to betray his Master. Ihes*us* said: "þi wordes wytnes,
And þi-self sais þat þou it es."
At þa wordes was Iudas tene,
And furth he went fro þam by dene
Vn-to þe Iewes w*ith* wycked will,
His first falshede to full-fyll.

Joh*ann*es uidebat secreta celestia.

John falls asleep at the supper, resting his head on Jesus' breast. ALS saint Iohne at þe sopere satt,
Mete *and* drink both he for-gatt;
He lened doun to Ihes*u* brest,
ffor he satt him alther nest.
Vn-to carpyng he tok no kepe,
Bot hastily he fell on slepe;

Ane aungell toke his gast full euen,
And bare it to þe blys of heuen,
And þare þe aungell lete him se
Many a selcouth preuete.
Of God him-self he had a syght,
Whare he was in blys full bryght,
And in þat syght he had knawyng
Of many a preue heuenly thing.
He was full wise of wyttes gude,
All þat he saw he vnderstode;
And when he wakend of his slepe,
Vn-to it all he toke gud kepe,
And all he wrate it in a buke,
Clerkes clerely o-pon to luke;
All þe wonders he wrote I wys,
þe buke es cald apocalipsis,
þat es þe buke of preuete,
Als saint Iohne gan in heuen se.
Now of þis buke we will spek no mare,
Bot turn o-gayn þare we left are.
Als Ihesus satt þare at þe clathe,
His discipels wex all wrathe,
Omang þam made þai contek grete,
And fast by-gan to stryue *and* threte,
Whilk of þam suld maister be
Omang þam mast of dignite,
For to rewle þam euer ilk ane,
If Ihesus suld be fra þam tane.
Ihesus wist wele all þair will,
And all þair stryueyng wald he styll.
By-for þam gert he bryng a child
þat yhong was *and* of maners myld;
And when þe child stode þam omang:
"Me think," he sayd, "yhe wirk all wrang.
þis stryueyng helpes yhow right noght,
Putt slyke poyntes out of yhcur thoght.
Als myld *and* meke bi-houes yhow be,
Als es þis child þat yhe here se.
He þat him haldes heghest of all
Tyttest sall fra his power fall,

He had wonderful sights in his dream, and understood all he saw; he afterwards wrote it down in a book, called the Apocalypsis.

The disciples begin to quarrel which of them shall be master and highest of rank after Jesus' death.

He knows all their thoughts. Placing a young child before them, he reproaches them, and wants them to be as mild and meek as that innocent child.

And he þat beres him law *and* styll,
In werld he sall haue all his will;
For no man may here *with* maistry
Bere him hegh *with*-outen envy.
I am redy to serue yhow all
Als yho*ur* seruand *and* yho*ur* thrall,
Ensaumple sall yhe tak by me
Ilk one tyll other bowsom at be.
Yhe sall haue anger, het I yhow,
[leaf 58] Als I sall suffyr for yhow."

He calls upon Peter to comfort his brethren, when he is in pain of death himself.

þan said he more *with* myld mode
Vn-to saint Peter, þare he stode.
"Peter," he said, "þou ert full meke,
A mylder man thar no man seke.
When þou sall se þat I am taken
And *with* all my frendes for-saken
And sent furth to suffer payn
And þou be torned fro me o-gayn,
Comforth þou þi brether all,
þat none of þam in fandeyng fall."
All þis he tald to þam in fere,
Als þai sat at þair sopere.

Lauacio pedu*m* discipulor*um*.

Then he rises, washes their feet, in spite of Peter's resistance,

Sone when Ihe*s*u had said þis word,
Vp he rase ryght fra þe bord,
And toke a clathe *with* myld chere
And a bacyn *with* wate*r* clere.
þe clath he gyrded him *with*-all,
And on his knese doun gan he fall
Bi-for Pete*r* *with* wordes swete,
And said þat he suld wesch his fete.
Peter answerd *and* said: "nay,
þat will I noght by nokyns way.
It falles noght maist*er* vn-to me
Slyke seruyse for to tak of þe."
þan said Ihe*sus*: "bot I do þis,
þou gettes no part *with* me in blys."
þan said Peter *and* other ma:
"þat blis, lord, lat vs noght for-ga,
Wesch heued *and* hend, lord, pr*a*y we þe,

So þat no-thing vn-weschen be,
Bot all clene þat by-fore was fylde,
So þat we in þi blys may bylde."
þan Ihesus þam wesch *and* wyped bathe
And sythen dryed þam *with* þe clathe.
When þai war waschen all by dene,
He sett him doun þam all by-twene.
When he was sett, þan said he sone:
"Noght yhe knaw what I haue done,
Ne noght yhe wate what will bi-fall.
Maister and lord now yhe me call—
And wele yhe say, for I am so—
And yhit I haue kneled yhow vn-to
And waschen yhour fete all on raw,
So þat yhe sall ensaumple knaw
Meke and bowsom for to be
Ilkone till other *with* hert fre,
And serue ilk one vn-tyll other
Als till yhour fader or yhour brother.
Ensaumple þus to yhow I gyf
For to be meke ay whils yhe lyf;
Luf ilk one other in word *and* dede,
And in heuen sall yhe haue yhour mede.
All þat suffers here for me
Sorow or bale, what so it be,
He sall haue welth *with*-outen ende
In lastand blis *with* me to lende."
þan spak Ihesus þus þam vn-tyll:
"þe tyme es comen I sall full-fyll;
Als prophetes has witnest of me,
Now bus it all full-fylled be,
For yhour sake suffer sall I
Sorows sere *and* sythen dy,
And þis day sall yhe be adred,
When I sall be fra yhow led;
ffra me full fast sall yhe fle
And som of yhow forsake me.
For prophetes in þair bokes wryte
And says: 'þe hyrd man sall I smyte
And all þe flok o-way sall fle.'

and says to them: "Follow my example, be good and meek to each other!"

And again: "My time has come. I shall fulfil the prophecies.

þis es all ment by yhow and me:
I am þe hyrd and yhe þe schepe,
I sall be tane or tyme of slepe,
I shall suffer death, For yhow now sall I suffer dede
Thurgh Iudas *and* þe Iewes rede.
And witt yhe wele þan on all wyse
and rise again on the third day." þat þe thred day I sall vp-ryse,
And hale *and* sound yhe sall me se
In þe land of Galile.
And when it falles on þis manere,
Thinkes how I haue said yhow here."
Peter answered: "I will never forsake thee." So said they all. Peter, when he herd þis tale,
In his hert had mykell bale.
He said: "*cer*tes, þat sall noght be.
Lord, we sall neu*er* fra þe fle,
I sall wende w*ith* þe whare þou gase,
And nouther leue for frendes ne fase.
[lf. 58, back] All t*ra*uayle w*ith* þe will I take,
And wend to preson for þi sake,
And w*ith* þe will I suffer ded;
No man sall reue me þat red."
On þis wyse said þe apostels all
þat w*ith* him war þare in þat hall.
"Before the cock crows thrice, Peter, you will flee fast from my company." When Ihesu all þair wordes herd,
Vn-to Peter þus he answerd:
"þou says þat þou sall folow me,
And Peter, þus I say to þe,
þat or þe Cok haue crawen thryse,
Sall it worth o-pon þis wyse
þat my name sall þou deny
And fast forsake my company,
And so sall all þ*at* with me ere;
Bot þ*ou* þi-self sall athes swere
And witnes tak w*ith* tales vn-trew
þat þou neu*er* bi-fore me knew."
Peter þan held him full styll,
A*nd* no-thyng durst he say þer-tyll,
Bot in his hert he had gret thoght
How swilk w*on*ders suld be wroght.
Ihes*us* þan w*ith* wordes fre

Sayd vn-to all his meneyhe:
"ffor dout of þam þat will yhow dere
Swerdes sall yhe all bere.
He þat has nane, his kote he sell,
And by him a swerd contek to fell."
þan answerd ane þat stode him nere:
"Lord, lo, twa swerdes er redy here
And other wapens redy grayd."
þan Ihesus answerd sone *and* said:
"þat es I-nogh, vs nedes no mare,
Bot comes now furth *and* lat vs fare."
þan ou[r][1] lord Ihesu myghty
Toke þe way toward Bethany;
And als þai went vnder a hyll,
Ihesus said his discipels tyll:
"Here I byd þat yhe habyde,
Whils I wend here a lytell be-syde.
þare haue I som dele for to sayne;
When I haue said, I com o-gayne."

They have two swords ready.

They take the way to Bethany.

De oracione *christi* super montem.

Ihesus left his meneyhe þare,
And fra þam furth þan gan he fare.
With him he toke disciples thre
And na ma of all his meneyhe,
Peter *and* Iohne and Iames, his brother,
Ilkone lufed he more þan other.
ffurth he led þam by þat strete
Vn-to þe mount of Olyuete;
And when þai come nerehand þe hyll,
Als it was his awen will,
þan he sayd vn-to þam thre:
"Here yhe sall habyde me,
And slepes noght, bot luke yhe wake,
þat no temptacyons yhow take.
My hert has dout *and* dredes ill
ffor angers þat er comand me tyll."
He went *and* left þam þare all-ane
þe lenkith of castyng of a stane,
And on þat hyll fer fra þe toune
Opon his knes he kneled doune,

Jesus leaves their company, taking three of his disciples with him. They go to mount Olivet.

There the three are to wait for him, but must take care not to fall asleep.

Jesus kneels down and prays.

[1] H. oure.

And þare he *pra*yed *with* myld steuen
Vn-tyll his fader heghest in heuen.
"ffad*er*," he sayd, "if it may be,
Lat þes payns pass fra me.
And noght anely als I will craue,
Bot, fader, als þou vouches saue;
ffor I am redy loud *and* styll,
In word and werk, to wyrk þi will."

He has such fear of death, that he begins to weep and to sweat water and blood.

ffor dout of ded he had slyke drede,
þ*at* angers vnto his hert yhede,
And for gret greuance he grett,
And both wat*er and* blode he swett;
þe dropes fell doune on þe ground,
So was he angerd in þat stound.

An angel comes down from heaven to comfort him.

þan come þare doun ane aungel bright
ffleghand fro þe heuen on hight,
To comforth him o-pon þat hill,
Als it was his fader will.

He goes back to his disciples, and finds them sleeping. He is sorry for their weakness.

When þis was done, þan gan he wende
Ogayne to his discipels hende.
To his trauail tok þai no kepe,
Bot ilk one war þai fallen on slepe;
And when he saw þai sleped all,
Peter first he gan vp call:
"þis," he said, "es noght þe dede
[leaf 59] þ*at* I yhow comand, when I yhede.
Might yhe noght ane houre w*ith* me wake,
Som of my sorow for to slake?
Wakes *and* pr*a*yes to heuen kyng,
So þ*at* yhe fall noght in fandying."

The same occurs three times.

When he had said þir wordes sertayne,
Vn-to þe hill he went o-gayne
þat he bi-fore was comen fra,
His pr*a*yers eft-sones for to ma.
He kneled *and* pr*a*yed w*ith* heuy chere,
ffor his tyme was comand nere.
Vn-to his fader of heuen he prayd
þe same wordes he bi-fore had said,
þat þe payns might flytt him fra,
If his fader wald suffer swa.

Sythen he rayse *and* went on-ane
To his discipels; þai sleped ilk ane,
þan he wald noght on þam call,
Bot went *and* left þam slepand all.
þe thred tyme ogayne he yhede
His erand fully for to spede;
Doun he kneled on þe hyll,
And þus he said his fader vn-tyll:
"ffader, I haue serued no dede,
Bot wirk I will efter þi rede;
If it may none other be,
Do now all þi will with me."
þan rase he vp *and* toke þe way
Till his discipels þare þai lay,
And vn-to þam he sayd in hy:
"Slepes *and* restes now hardily,
ffor þe tyme es comand nere
þat yhe sall suffer sorows sere.
And all if yhe haue sleped wele,
Iudas has sleped neuer a dele;
To synfull men he has me sald
To suffer bale, þis be yhe bald.
Ryses vp now for my sake,
þai er comand þat me sall take.
And, Peter, now I counsail þe
þat þou be redy for to fle,
For Sathanas es noght yhour frende,
He will ay seke yhow for to shende.
Bot I haue prayed my fader fre
þat mykell es feld of his pouste,
And þarfore Peter haue no drede
He sall noght dere þe in þi dede;
þarfore of me what so bi-fall,
Comforth þou þi brether all."

He bids his disciples rise. "Now, Peter, take care! Satan is not your friend."

Capcio *christi* cum iudeis.

[I]UDAS full of fraude *and* gyle
Was with þe Iewes all þat while,
And ordand by þam-self all-ane
How þat he myght best be tane.
þan said Iudas: "I sall yhow lede

Judas offers to lead the Jews where they will find the Lord.

To fynd him wele *with*-outen drede,
And when I haue broght yhow him tyll,
þan may yhe wirk *with* him yho*ur* will."
þan þe Iewes so fell *and* kene
Spak to Iudas þam bi-twene :
" Say vs how we sall him knaw,
ffor som of vs him neu*er* saw,
And if he be omang his men,
Say us how we sall him ken."

He will point him out to them by a kiss.

þan þe traytour kene *and* bald
þis taken vn-to þam he tald,
And said : " of him yhe sall noght mys.
Takes þe man þat I sall kys,
Layes yho*ur* handes on him in hy,
And ledes him furth fast pr*e*uely."

Late in the evening they come to the spot.

þan þai come *with* full gret rout,
And vmsett Ihes*us* all o-bout
W*ith* swerdes *and* maces *and* glyues gude ;
þai blew hornes als þai war wode,
And in lanter*n*es bare þai lyght,
And som bare brandes brynand bright,
þat þai myght gr*a*ythely se þe gate,
For it was in þe euenyng late.

Jesus gives himself up to them.

Ihes*us* wist all-way full wele
þat was to com eu*er* ilk a dele.
To wend *with* þam it was his will,
And on þis wise he sayd þam tyll :
" Telles vn-to me all in fere
Whame yhe seke on þ*i*s man*er*e ?"
þan answerd *and* said all by dene :
" We seke all Ihesu nazarene."
þan Ihesu said *with* wordes fre :
"I say yhow sothely I am he."

He shows his [lf. 59, back] power: all fall down to the ground.

And als he said þir wordes ryght,
He schewes þare som dele of his might,
And so astond þam in þ*a*t stound
þ*a*t doun þai fell all to þe ground ;
And styll þai lay *and* dared for drede,
Vn-tyll he with-drogh his godhede.
þan rayse þai vp *and* stod full styll,

And Ihesus sayd eft-sones þam tyll :
" Whame seke yhe þus als yhe haue gane ? "
And eft þai answerd euer ilk ane :
" Ihesus Nazarene we seke."
þan answerd he with wordes meke :
" I say yhow sothly I am he ;
Fra yhow I will no ferrer fle."
þan godhede to þam shewed he nane,
ffor tyme was comen he wald be tane,
And vn-to þam þan þus said he :
" Sen it es so þat yhe seke me
And of yhour sekeyng will noght sese,
Lates my meneyhe pass in pese."
Iudas come þan vn-to him ryght,
And kyssed him als he had hyght.
" Hail maister," vn-to him he sayd.
þan handes sone on him þai layd,
And omang þam stode he styll,
And lete þam wyrk with him þare will.
þan said Ihesus vn-to Iudas :
" Sen þou þis tresone procurd has,
And sen þi-self ordand all þis,
Whare-to comes þou me to kys ?
þou bitrayes thurgh þi kyssyng
Mans son þat may weld all thing."
Whon his discipels saw þis fare,
In þair hertes þai had gret care.
Ilkone said other vn-to :
" Allas, what es vs best to do ?
Better bote es none bot fle ;
ffor if we dwell here, ded be we."
And so þai fled fro him ilk one,
All bot saint Peter and saint Iohne.
Peter wend wele to haue done,
And out he drogh his swerd sone,
Vn-tyll a Iew þan smate he þare,
And his ryght ere of he schare ;
And þat same Iew was seruand
Vn-to þe Bysschop of þe land,
And Malchus says men þat he hyght,

But he will not hinder his destiny from being fulfilled.

Judas comes to kiss him.

The Jews lay hold on Christ :

he speaks to Judas.

His disciples are afraid and flee, all but Peter and John.

Peter cuts off Malchus's ear with his sword.

And in a lanterne bare he lyght.
When Ihesus saw þat dede was done,
Vn-to Peter þus said he sone :
Mitte gladium tuum in uaginam omnis enim qui gladio percutit gladio peribit.

Christ does not want interference : he might have the assistance of 60,000 angels, if he liked.

"Putt vp," he said, "þi swerd o-gayne,
ffor he þat slase, he sall be slayne,
And he þat smytes with swerd I-wyss,
Thurgh swerd he sall peryss.
Wenes þou noght *and* I wald craue,
þat I fra heuen myght helpyng haue?
Haue I myght, *and* I wald send,
ffra my fader me to defend
Sexty thowsand of aungels bright.
þan suld þir men haue lytell myght,
My party þan I myght maintene
O-gayns þir Iewes þat er so kene.
Bot þan might noght full-fylled be
þe wordes þat er wryten of me,
Als witnes beres þe prophecy
þat says of me þat I sall dy.
And sen so es my fader will,
All þat þai said I sall full-fyll."

He stoops down and heals the wounded man.

Ihesus þan stowped doun þam bi-forn,
And toke þe ere þat was of-shorn,
He went to him þat was bledand,
And heled it with his haly hand,
He made it hale als it was are.

They bind him.

Bot þarfor yhit wald þai noght spare,
Tyte þai toke him þam by-twene,
And band him als he thefe had bene.

Jesus blames them for doing this business at night.

þan Ihesus said to þam in fere :
"Als a thefe yhe bynd me here,
And comes with swerdes *and* glauyes grete
Als a thefe me for to bete
And for to dere me þat yhe may.
ffairer it war haue done by day,
ffor ilk a day yhe haue me sene
In yhour temple yhow be-twene,
Techand þe law to ilk a man ;
Why wald yhe noght tak me þan?

Bot þis tyme falles vn-to yhow ryght [leaf 60]
In myrknes for to p*r*oue yho*ur* myght."
Vn-to his wordes toke þai no hede,
Bot furth w*ith* him þai went gud spede,
And led him so omang þam all,
Vn-to þai come till Cayphas hall.
ffor þare þe Iewes habade all styll,
Tyll Ihe*sus* was broght þam vn-tyll.
ffor ferd all his discipels fled,
When þair lord was fra þam led.
þai fled and left þair lord all-one,
All bot saint Peter *and* saint Iohne.
A*nd* yhit þai durst noght negh hi*m* negh,
Bot folowd eue*r* [1] eue*r* on dregh,
And g*ra*ythely held þe same gate,
Vn-tyll þai come till Cayphas yhate.
Saint Iohne son was laten in þore,
ffor he was knawen lang by-fore,
And Peter stode all-ane þare out,
In his hert he had gret dout.
Saint Iohne spak vn-to þe vscher þan,
For he was knawen wele w*ith* þat man;
And so þai spak bi-twene þam two,
þat Peter was laten in als-so.
And both by-held w*ith* drery mode
Vn-to þair maiste*r* þare he stode,
Byhynd þe folk ay gan þai hone
To wayt what suld w*ith* him be done.
þus als þai stod omang þe rout,
Iohne had a mantyll him obout.
þe Iewes thoght it was all wrang
þat he stode so þam omang,
Som of þam hent him be þe lapp,
þ*a*t he suld noght o-way schapp.
And when he saw þai wald him take,
His mantell was him leue*r* for-sake;
ffra þam stirt he in a tene
And left þe mantell þam by-twene.
Vn-to þe dore he toke þe gate,
And p*r*euely he past þe yhate;

They take him to Caiaphas's hall.

Peter and John follow.

John is let in, Peter as well after John has spoken to the usher, whom he knows.

They stand among the crowd.

John is recognzied; he flees, leaving his mantle behind.

[1] H. efter.

Furth he went *with* hert sore,
þare-in durst he com no more.
Accusacio iudeor*um* cont*ra* ih*esu*m.

Jesus is accused by the Jews:

All þis tyme þan Ih*esus* stode
Omang þe Iewes full myld of mode,
And none of þam myght fynd him in
Thing þat suld sownd to any syn.
And som þat stode þare him by-syde
Sayd þus in gret tene þat tyde:

"He said he could rebuild the temple in 3 days."

"þis man þat standes omang*es* yhow
Has said þat he may neu*er* avow,
þat if men kest doun in a thraw
Our mykell temple þat we wele knaw,
He says þat him-self suld it rays
Ryght vp ogayn *with*-in thre days,
Hale to be bath tre *and* stane,
þis will we wytnes eu*er* ilk ane."
Cayphas, when he herd þis saw,
And other, als þai satt on raw,
Sayd to Ih*esu* þare he stode:
"Think ye þat þis playnt es gude?
What answer will þou gyf till vs
Of þam þat þe accuses þus?"

Jesus makes no answer.

Ih*esus* stode styll *and* answerd noght,
ffor he was angerd in his thoght.

Caiaphas asks him if he is God's son.

Cayphas þan by-gan to cry,
And spak to him despitusly:
"I coniore þe thurgh God lyfand
þat þou me tell to vnderstand,
Yf þou be God son of heuen?

Jesus answers that he is.

Ih*esus* answerd *with* myld steuen:
"þou says þi-self þat I am he,
And sertainly I say to þe
In heuen blys men se me sall
With my fader þat weldes all
To deme ilk man eft*er* þair dedes;
He es noght wyse þat dome noght dredes.
But all if I þus to yhow say
þat I am Godes son verray,
Yhe er so full of envy now

þat my tales yhe will noght trow.
And al-so if I it deny,
Yhe will noght leue me now for-þi."
þe Iewes answerd *and* said on raw:
"þan er tow Godes son bi þi saw?"
He answerd *and* said myldely:
"Yhe say þat Godes son am I."
When Cayphas herd þat he so sayd,
Of þa wordes he was noght payd; [lf. 60, back]
His awen clathes he raue for tene,
And sythen he carped words kene.

Quid adhuc desideramus testimoniu*m*?

Caiaphas says: "What more evidence do we want?"

He said vn-to þe Iewes all:
"Whare-to suld we more wytnes call?
He *gra*untes omang vs all full euen,
And says he es God son of heuen.
Sen he it *gra*untes tyll vs ilk ane,
Other wytnes nedes vs nane;
And þarfor says, what es yh*our* red?"
þai sayd all he had serued ded,

They smite him and spit upon him.

And in þe face þai gon him smyte,
And spytt o-pon him for despyte,
*An*d euer ilk one on sydes sere
Missayd him on foul man*er*e.

Peter looks on; he draws near the fire, and is recognized as one of Christ's followers.

Peter stod ay in þe flore,
And saw how foul þai w*ith* him fore.
To buffett him war þai full bald,
And þe weder was wonder cald;
þarfore þe Iewes had made a fyre
In þe flore brynand full chyre.
When Peter saw þe fyre so clere,
Als he durst, he drogh him nere,
Omang þe Iewes he stode full styll,
And warmed him at his awen wyll.
þan som of þam þat stode bi-syde
Spak to Peter in þat tyde,
And said: "felow, whare had we þe?
Er tow noght ane of his meneyhe?"

De negacione Petri.

He denies it.

Peter answerd sone on-ane

And said: "gud man, þou has mysgane, 892
In þi wordes wrang þou wenes,
I am noght þe man *þat* þou of menes,
Ne, sir, I wate noght what þou says
Of þis thing þou to me lays." 896

A girl recognizes him as well:

A mayden stode þare þam by-syde,
And herd þam so to-gyder chyde.
When scho saw Peter in þe face,
þis wordes scho said in þat place: 900
"Sertainly he þis es ane
þat with Ihesu was wont to gane."
And vn-to Peter said scho þen:
"þou ert ane of þe prophetes men, 904
And by þi sembland may men se
þat þou ert man of Galile,
And bi þi spech men may þe knaw."

he denies again.

þan Peter answerd *with* gret aw, 908
And athes vn-to þam he sware
þat he saw Ihesu neuer are.

He tries to steal away,

He saw his gabyng might [not][1] gayne,
He wald haue bene o-way full fayne, 912
And preuely he toke þe gate
By-twene þe seruandes *and* þe[2] yhate.

but meets with the man whose ear he cut off.

And sone þat man come him bi-forne
þat he had his ere of shorne, 916
He was ane of þe bysshop men;

Peter is stopped.

Him thoght þat he suld Peter ken,
And fast bi-gan he for to threte,
And spak to him wordes grete: 920
"ffelow," he said, "er tow noght he
þat my ryght ere reft fra me,
When we come þy maister to take?
þis mater may þou noght forsake. 924
þi maister heled it als it was,
For he wend so o-way to pas.
By þis cause ryght wele I ken
þat þou ert ane of his men, 928
And now it sall wele yholden be,
þe dede þat þou did þare to me."
þan Peter stode *and* dred him sare,

[1] *Supplied from* H. [2] þe *corrected from* yhe.

Euell him thoght þat he come þare,
And þus he said *with* sorow strang:
" Man, of me þou menes wrang,
ffull wrange on me here þou þe wrekes,
I knaw him noght þat þou of spekes."
And sone when he had said þis saw,
þe cokkes on-ane bi-gan to craw.
And Ihesus, als he bonden stode,
By-held Peter *with* myld mode,
ffor-þi þat he suld vnder-take
How he sayd he suld him forsake.
And sone when Peter persayued so
þat his lord loked him vn-to,
In his hert als sone it brayd
How þat Ihesus had to him sayd
þat he suld deny him on þat wyse
Or þe cok had krawen thryse.
And when he wist how he had wroght,
He was full drery in his thoght,
And fra his enmyse þat þare ware
He wan þare out, *and* weped sare.
And furth he went *with* symple chere,
And more he durst noght negh þam nere.
Ihesus þan *with* myld mode
Bi-for sir Cayphas bonden stode,
And he opposed him of his lare
And of his meruayls les *and* mare,
Of his discipels he spyrd all-swa,
Whyder þai war went him fra.
He said: " tell her in our present
Of þi werkes als þou has went,
ffor þi techyng suld noght be hyd,
þat aght for to be knawen *and* kyd."
þan Ihesus answerd in þat tyde
And said: "my wordes walkes wyde,
ffor I haue spoken in ilk contre
Playnly *and* noght in preuete;
And in þe temple haue I bene
Oft sythes, als yhour self has sene,
Whare þe Iewes all and som

He denies Jesus the third time.

Just then the cocks begin to crow, and Jesus looks at him.

Peter remembers his Master's words, and goes away, weeping bitterly.

[leaf 61]

Caiaphas inquires about Christ's works.

He answers.

Comonly vses for to com ;
Of my werk may þai wytnes bere,
Ill or gud whether þai ere.
Whare-to askes þou me þis thing ?
Ask þam þat has herd my teching,
ffor þai wayte what my̆ wordes ware,
And for to tell þai will noght spare ;
And þar-fore ask þam of my lare,
ffor me sall þou witt no mare."

One of the Jews hits Jesus on the cheek, and rebukes him for speaking to the bishop in such a way.

A lurdan þan of Iewes lay
Herd Ihesus þir wordes say.
Vp he styrt þair stryfe to eke,
And smate Ihesu o-pon þe cheke ;
With gret byrr to him he brayd,
And þir wordes to him he said :
Sic respondes pontifici ?
He said : " why answers þou so
þe Bysschopp þat spekes þe vn-to ?
Lad, we sall þe lere nurtoure
To answer men of gret honoure."

Jesus replies gently.

Ihesus stode, als it es wryten,
And loked on him þat had him smyten.
He sayd to him : " What ayles þe ?
ffull wrangwisly þou smytes me.
If þat my wordes be out of skyll,
þan may þow bere wytnes of yll ;
And if my wordes ryghtwyse ware,
Why suld þou þan smyte me so sare ?"

Caiaphas and others ask him whether he came down from heaven.

þan sir Cayphas *and* Anna
And other maisters many ma
Spak to Ihesu all in fere,
And asked of him ensaumples sere.
þai said all to him : " tell vs þis,
If þou be comen fra heuen blis."

Christ answers that he will sit by his father's side.

Ihesus said : " it es no bote
Ogayns so many for to mote,
Or to mak spekyng yhow omell,
ffor yhe trow no-thing þat I tell.
Bot men sall se, so may be-tyde,
Me sytand be my fader syde,

And all þe pouste sall be myne
At deme men to-ioy or pyne.
þan I sall þare dedes deme
þat now er fayne me for to fleme."
þus when he had þir wordes sayd,
þe Iewes war all full euell payd.
Som of þam fell doune him be-forne,
And made gret hethyng him to skorne.
þat þai war kene, full fast þai kyd,
ffor with a clathe his face þai hyd,
And buffet him full bytterly,
And þus þai said with gret envy:
Prophetiza nobis christe quis est qui te percussit.
þai sayd þus: "tell vs, if þou wate,
Whilk of vs es it þat þe smate?
If þou kan oght of prophecy,
Tell þe soth tyll vs in hy,
Rede whilk of vs smate þe now,
If þou will we on þe trow."
Ihesus sufferd with gud will
All payns þat þai wald putt him tyll,
And so þai fore with him þat nyght,
Vn-to þat it was day full lyght,
And þan þai said he suld be dede.
Bot þe maisters gaf to rede
þat þai suld graythely tak þe gate
Vn-to þair Prince hows sir Pilate.
With-outen him þai durst noght do
Thing þat towched þe crowne vn-to,
ffor he was man of gret maistry
And domesman in þe Iury.
Vn-to þis sone þai all assent,
And furth to sir Pilate þai went.

The Jews scorn him, hide his face with a cloth, and buffet him sorely.

Then they ask who it was that smote him.

In the same way they go on all night.

[lf. 61, back]

They take him to Pilate their 'doomsman.'

NOw of Iudas will I tell,
Of his falshede how it be-fell.
He folowd euer, als he moght,
To witt what þai with Ihesu wroght.
And when þai him to Pilate led,
þan wist he wele he had euell sped,
And in his hert þan wele he thoght

Judas is tormented by remorse.

þat he full wickedly had wroght,
And in wanhope he fell full sone
ffor þe dede þat he had done.
Mercy of crist wald he nane craue,
ffor-whi he hoped nane to haue;
Bot in his hert þan wele he thoght,
To les his payn if þat he moght,
And for to saue his maister lyfe
þat he had made so mykell stryfe,
And all þat bale for to abate.

He goes to Pilate and accuses himself;

Sone he went to sir Pilate,
When all þe Iewes war samen sett,
To luke if he þat stryfe might lett.
þat crist suld pass, ful fast he prayd,
And on þis wise to þam he sayd:

Peccaui tradens sanguinem iustum.

"Sir, sothely I haue synned," he sayd,
" A ryghtwise blode I haue bi-trayd,
My maister falsly I for-soke
When I of yhow þe mony toke.
Here be-for yhow all graunt I,
I haue bitrayd him trayturly,
And all sakles I haue him sald.
My tene es turned full many fald.

he prays the Jews to let Christ go, and he will return their money.

þarfor I pray yhow lattes him pas,
And here yhour mone, als it was,
I gyf it here to yhow o-gayne,
So þat he be noght sakles slayne."

They will have nothing to do with him. "It is too late now."

þan answerd þe Iewes kene
And said vn-to him all in tene:
" Yf þou haue trispast him vn-to,
þare-of haue we no-thing to do.
Auyse þi-self, als þou has wroght,
And cheues þe, we charge it noght.
If þou have done to him vn-ryght,
On þi-self mon fall þe plyght;
We wist noght whare o-bout þou went,
No here was nane þe efter sent,
And when þou him vn-tyll vs sald,
ffair mone for him we tald;

þan was þou payd, *and* so war we,
Now may þare none amendes be."
When Iudas saw it was no bote
More of þis mat*er* for to mote,
Als he þare be-for þam stode,
He qwoke for wha als he war wode;
For bale him thoght þ*at* he might brest,
And noght he wist what bote war best.
þe plates o payment þat he toke,
Out of his lapp sone he þam schoke,
And kest þam doune bi-for þair fete,
For he wend so his bale to bete.
Bot all his spekyng was in vayne,
þai said all Ih*es*u suld be slayne;
And when he saw þai wald [noght][1] spare,
He went *and* left his mone þare.
Preuely he past þam fra,
And thoght him-seluen for to sla,
He thoght his wickednes was so grete,
þ*at* forgyfnes myght he none gete,
þe fende entysed him fast þare tyll,
So in despare him-self to spyll.
Vn-tyll a place he went all-ane,
Where he myght be his awen bane,
And in þ*at* place of p*reuete*
He hanged him on a hiller tre.
His wamb clefe þan euen in twa,
And his entrailes so fell him fra,
And þare his gast so yholden was,
For at his mowth it myght noght pas.
þis was þe cause, als clerkes wist,
For-þi þ*at* his mowth C*rist* had kyst,
þarfore it was w*ith*-outen dout
þat his saule at his wambe went out.
And lyf *and* saule bath was for-lorn,
Better him war haue bene vnborn;
þus for his syn his saule was shent,
To wa w*ith*-outen end he went.
þus when Iudas hanged was
And his saule to pyne gan pas,

He throws the money at their feet, and goes to hang himself.

His belly cleaves in two and his spirit passes out that way, not through his mouth, which had kissed Christ.

[leaf 62]

[1] *Supplied from* H.

The Jews deliberate about Judas's money.

þe Iewes saw þe plates round
þat he had kasten on þe ground.
Vn-to þam þai went full ryght,
And toke þam vp *with* hert lyght.
Sight of þe mone made þam glad,
For wele þam thoght þai won it had.
And what *pro*fytt þare-of myght ryse,
Ilk a man sayd on his wyse
What þai suld *with* þe syluer do.
Som said sa *and* som said so,
þat it suld sauely be vp-layd.
Som answerd þare-to *and þus* sayd :
Nou licet mittere in corbanan quia *pre*ci*um* **sang***u***inis est.**
" It aw noght to be [1] done þan
Omang our treso*ur*e in Carbanan,
Ne to be halden in tresory,
ffor it es pryse of felony."

They agree to buy the Mount of Calvary, as a place of execution and burial.

þan þai toke þair hale counsaile
To luke how it myght mast avayle,
And hastily þai eue*r* ilk ane
Sone assented all tyll ane :
With þat mone to by a land
Euer-more to hald in þair hand,
ffor to do Iewes to ded þare-in
All þat suld suffer ded for syn,
And pylgryms þare-in for to *gra*ue
And other *þat* þai vowched saue.
When þai had ordaynd on þis wyse
Sone þai made þe marchandyse ;
þai boght þe Mount of Caluery
Ay for to be in þair baily,
And als sone in *þat* ilk place
To hang men þai made a space.
þat syluer was full wa bi-gane,
So full of syn was neue*r* nane :
ffirst it was for Ihe*s*u tald,

Christ was put to death in this very place,

When Iudas to þe Iewes him sald,
And sythen a feld þare-*with* was boght,
Whare-on Ihe*sus* to ded was broght.

[1] *MS.* be þe.

þat ilk place *with* mayn *and* mode
þe Iewes gert call þe feld of blode,
And so þat ilk place call þai
ffro þat tyme yhit vn-to þis day.
Now of Iudas lat we be,
And of Ihesu more speke we,
How he *with* enmyes was vmsett
And furth by-for sir Pilat fett.

and afterwards it was called the "Field of Blood."

Accusacio Iudeor*um* ante Pilatu*m*.

þe Iewes bi-gan Ihesu to wreghe
Vn-to Pilate *with* many a leghe.
þai sayd: "we haue bi-for þe broght
A man þat mykell wa has wroght,
And *with* his wonders warn we yhow
He turnes þe folk on him to trow.
And yhit þare es ane-other thing:
He says þat he es Iewes kyng,
And þat es ogayns þe honoure
Of sir Cesar, our Emperoure.
And he sais þat [he][1] es God son
And þat he sall in heuen won.
Swilk er his wordes, wele we knaw."
þus þai sayd ilk ane on raw.
Sir Pilate þan *with* myld mode
Said vnto Ihesu þare he stode:
"þou ert kyng þan wele wate I,
Of vs and of all þis Iewry?"
Ihesus answerd him vn-to:
"þou says þi-self þat I am so."
And when þe Iewes þir wordes herd,
ffell als any fyre þai ferd,
And ilk one of þam on sere syde
Accused him kenely in þat tyde.
He answerd noght, bot held him styll
And lete þam say of him þare will.
When Pilate saw he answerd noght,
He was amarvaild in his thoght,
And vn-to Ihesu þus said he:
"Heres þou noght how þai say to þe
And how þai wregh þe ilk a man?

The Jews accuse Christ before Pilate.

Christ acknowledges that he is the king of the Jews.

They are furious.

Pilate questions him,

[If. 62, back]

[1] *Supplied from* H.

Excuse þi-self now, if þou kan!"
but gets no answer. Ihesus stode styll *and* answerd noght,
So þat Pilate gret meruaile thoght;
He asks the Jews about Jesus' crime. And þus he spak with voyce stout
Vn-to þe Iewes þat stode o-bout:
"What kan yhe tell vn-to þis man?
Defaut in him none fynd I kan,
Ne cause in him kan I fynd nane,
Wharfore þat he suld be slane."
þan þe Iewes be-gan to cry
They answer. To him ogayne with gret envy
And said: "he turnes our folk vs fra
In þis land *and* in other ma,
So þat fra vs þai wend o-way,
And turnes þam to trow his lay,
So þat our lawes he loses clene
Ouer all whare he has bene.
Slyke wonder werkes he wirkes ay,
And most o-pon our sabbot day;
And he defendes þe folk ay-whare
Trowage to pay to sir Cesare;
þat has he done fro þis cete
Ryght to þe land of Galile."
þan Pilate cald þe princes all,
Pilate calls the council together. If Christ comes from Galilee, he will have to be sent to Herod. And all þe counsail gert he call,
ffor to enquere of þam ilk ane
If Crist fro Galile war gane.
"Wyttes," he said, "*and* warnes me
If he be gane fro Galile;
ffor sertanly, if it be so,
þan wate I what I haue to do.
Sir Herod es lord of þat land,
And haldes þe kyngdom in his hand,
And if he come fra þat contre,
His demeyng falles noght vnto me,
ffor I will do no pregidyse
Vn-to Herode on none wyse."
þan said þe folk: "we vnderstand
The Jews say that he does come from that country. þat he es comen out of þat land,
And þare he soiourned for sertaine."

þan said Pilate to þam o-gayne :
" Vn-to sir Herode sall yhe wende,
And gretes him wele *with* wordes hende,
And says [him][1] how *þat* I him send
þis man our frenschip for to mend,
And for to deme eft*er* his will,
Whether him likes to spare or spyll."
þan armed men has vnder-tane
Till Herod graythely for to gane.

Pilate gives the necessary orders, he hopes to get reconciled with Herod.

Miss[i]o ad Herodem.

þe men þan letted for no-thing,
Vn-tyll þai come tyll Herod kyng;
And when Herod myght vnderstañd
þat þe pr*o*phet was comand
And þat he wist he suld him se,
Gret lykyng in his hert had he,
ffor he had couait of lang tyme
ffully for to spek *with* him,
And for to witt how þat it ferd
Of ferlies he be-fore had herd.
þe knyghtes come to Herod hall,
And on þair knese doun gan þai fall
þair message to him for to tell
Of all þe fare, how þat it fell.
When Herod herd, he was full glad
And ioyfull þat he Ihesu had.
He said : " sir, welcom in all thing !
I haue oft couait þi comyng.
I thank him þat þe hyder send,
ffor mykell þou may my myrth amend;
And als his meneyhe wisely wate,
We haue full lang bene at debate;
Now all my greuance I for-gyf,
In luf to last ay, whils we lyf.
And sen þou ert so sent to me,
Schew me som poynt of þi pouste,
For oft I haue herd tell tything
þou has done many selcouth thing:
þou gers blynd se on sydes sere,
þe dom to speke, þe defe to here,

Armed men take Jesus there.

They give their message.

Herod is glad, because he had long been wishing to see Christ, on account of his wonderful deeds.

He asks for a miracle.

[1] *Supplied from* H.

Croked men þou has gert gang,
And raysed ded men oft omang.
Do now for þe luf of me
Som selcouth signe þat I may se." 1288

Christ does not answer.

Ihesus stode styll *and* answerd noght,
Of Herodes rede no-thing he roght;
What-so-euer he said him tyll,
[leaf 63] He wald noght speke, bot stode ay styll. 1292
And at þe last had Herode tene,
And meruaild him what it myght mene,

Herod threatens and beats him in vain.

And sone he said: "bot if þou speke,
With wa I sall me on þe wreke." 1296
þus with wordes he gan him threte,
And sithen he bad þai suld him bete.
þan þai bett him in þat stede,
And said ilk ane he suld be dede. 1300
When he was bett so in þat hall
And skorned both of gret *and* small
He sufferd all þair werkes ill,
And no word wald he say þare tyll. 1304

Herod clothes him in white and sends him back to Pilate for judgment.

þan Herode gert for gret despyte
Cleth him all in clothes white,
And sythen he said: "I him for-sake;
Yhe þat him broght, yhe sall him take, 1308
And sone ogayn yhe sall him lede.
Here shewes he nowther word ne dede,
And þarfor in þis tyme for me
To ded sall he noght demed be; 1312
Bot byd sir Pilate wirk his wyll
Whether he will him saue or spyll,
Luke him-self whether him es leuer,
Mi gud will graunt I him for euer." 1316

Et facti sunt amici Herodes *et* **Pilatus nam inimici erant adinuicem.**

Thus Herod and Pilate make friends with each other.

ffrendschip was made þus þam bi-twene
þat faes full lang bi-fore had bene.
þe knygthes þan þai toke þe gate
Playnly vn-to sir Pilate. 1320
With gud tythinges þai made him glad,
How þat he Herode frendschip had,

And all þai tald him less *and* mare,
How þat þai war welcomd þare.
þai said: "he sendes Ihesus yhow to
All yhour will with him to do,
And says he fyndes in him no gylt,
Wharfor þat he suld be spylt."
When Pilate herd all how þai said,
In his hert he was wele payd,
And sone he gert to-gyder call
þe princes and þe maisters all,
And said: "for-soth, yhe er to blame
þat yhe do Ihesu all þis schame,
ffor no cause kan I in him fynd,
Wharfore men suld him bete or bynd.
And lo, yhe se I haue him sent
Till Herod for till tak iugement,
And cause in him kan he fynd nane,
Wharfore þat he suld be slane.
þarfor me think it war foly
So gyltles for to ger him dy;
ffor-þi I red, if yhe will swa,
We chasty him *and* lat him ga.
Yhe knaw þe costom in þis land
Of þis Pasch þat es comand:
If any man be in presoune
ffor manslaghter or for tresoune,
Our custom will þat he go fre
ffor this gret sollempnite.
þarfor I red we vnder-take
Ihesu delyuerance for to make
And lat him wend whore-so he will,
Sen in him es fondene none ill.
Bot first now sall he beten be,
And sithen ger him of land fle."
þan þe Iewes so kene *and* prowd
Cryed *and* said þus all on lowd:
"If þis ilk man had noght done ill,
We had noght broght him þe vn-tyll;
His euell werkes will witnes
Of his condicions what he es."

Pilate's advice is to chastise Jesus and then let him go;

he reminds them of the old custom of freeing a criminal at Pasch.

The Jews won't hear of it.

þus lytherly on him þai lyed,
And all at anes on him þai cryed.
Pilate speaks to Jesus again. Sir Pilate was a-party greued,
ffor þai cryed so in his heued ;
þarfor he led Ihesus þare-out,
And asked him thinges þat war in dout,
And Ihesus answerd him all way
Till ilk a thing þat he couth say,
The Jews plot to free Barabbas, the thief, and slay Jesus. þai spak of maters more *and* myn.
And þan þe Iewes þat war with him,[1]
þe maisters *and* þe princes all
þat styll war leued in þe hall,
Toke a counsail þam bi-twene
How þai myght do Ihesu tene,
þat þai wald a delyuerance haue
f. 63, back] Of a man þat þai wald craue.
þai had in presone ane Barabas
þat man mortherer *and* traytur was ;
"Delyuer we him," þai said ilk ane,
"And so sall Ihesu sone be tane.[2]"
þus þai assented more and myn.
And sone bi þis come Pilate in,
Ihesu all-so he broght in þan,
And doun he satt als domesman,
Pilate asks their opinion. And þan he said þe Iewes vn-to :
"What will yhe with Ihesu do?
Lo, I haue led him furth yhow fra
All-ane for to assay him swa,
And in him kan I fynd right noght,
Wharfore he suld to ded be broght.
ffor-þi if yhe do efter me,
Ihesus sall delyuerd be."
þan þe Iewes war euell payd,
And þus þai answerd sone *and* sayd :
Non hunc sed Baraban.
They tell him their decision. þai cryed and said : "sertes nay,
Ihesus sall be ded þis day.
We haue ane Baraban, þe thefe,
Delyuer him þat es vs lefe.
And be our custom him we ass,

[1] H. with in. [2] H. slane.

ffor Ihesus sall on none wyse pass."
þus þai cryed euer ilk ane,
And said þat Ihesus suld be slane.
þan Pilate herd þair hydose cry,
And styll he satt in a stody;
He wist noght what war best to do
Ne what he suld answer þam to.

De diabolo *et* vxore Pilati.

þe fals fende full of envy
Persayued *and* wist þan witerly
þat if Ihesus to ded war broght,
Man saule suld with his blode be boght,
And wele he hoped þat he suld tyne
All þat war with him in pyne.
þarfor fast he him bi-thoght
ffor to lett it, if he moght;
A tresone thoght he for to do,
If he moght com wele þare-to.
Als ane aungell he went bi nyght
Preuely to proue his myght;
And for to saue so Ihesus lyfe
He went vn-to sir Pilate wyfe,
In hir bed als scho slepand lay,
And vn-to hir þus gan he say:
"Waken, dame, *and* speke with me.
Of þi harm I will warn þe,
And als I byd, luke þat þou do,
So þat no harme com þe vn-to:
So byd þi lord for any red
þat Ihesu be noght done to ded.
For sertes, þai sall be schent ilk ane
þat procures now to haue him slane.
Tane he es ogayns resoune,
With wrang þai hald him in presoune;
þe wa withouten end he wan
þat þis tresone first bi-gan.
And þarfor warn þi husband now,
þat no harm com vn-to yhow."
When þis was said to Pilates wyue,
Out of hir slepe scho rayse bi-lyue,

Pilate does not know what to do.

The fiend sees that Jesus' death will save men.

In the guise of an angel he appears to Pilate's wife as she sleeps,

and bids her persuade her lord to save Jesus.

She tells her husband of her vision, and justly surmises that the angel she saw was the fiend himself.

Un-tyll hir lord scho toke þe way
All þe soth tyll him at say,
In-to þe hall bi-lyue scho come,
Als sir Pilate satt in dome.
"Sir," scho said, "tak tent to me,
ffor I am sent to warn þe,
þat þou trow noght þe Iewes rede
ffor to do Ihesu to dede.
He es a man of mykell myght,
þat has bene tald to me þis nyght;
Ane aungell full greuouse *and* grym
Has turment me to-nyght for him,
And bad[1] þou no-thing suld do
þat in euell towches him vn-to,
Bot ordaine in all þat þou may
þat he be safe *and* wend his way.
So bad he þat me warned has,
þe fende, I wate full wele it was;
ffull hydusly he manast me
For Ihesu sake, so dyd he þe,
And said he suld be þair enmy
þat procured Ihesu for to dy.
And sir, I was neuer so adred
[leaf 64] Sen I was of my moder fed.
þarfore, sen we er warned bath,
Lat Ihesu scap with-outen skath
And wend his way whare-so he will
With-outen dred, els dose þou ill."

Pilate makes another attempt to save Christ, but the Jews stick to their malicious design.

When Pilate herd þir wordes all,
All þe maisters gert he call
And þe Bysshopes of þair law,
And vn-to þam he said þis saw:
"I se yhe er o-bout to spyll
A man þat es with-outen ill,
And lat se, sais vn-to me sone
What euell dedes he has done."
þan answerd þai euer ilk ane
And said vn-to him sone on-ane:
"With his word þis fals Ihesus
Ouer all he sklaunders vs,

[1] H. bad þat.

And says to ilk man openly
þat he has of vs maistry,
ffor kyng of Iewes he gers him call,
þat semes als we suld be his thrall;
And sir, þat gase noght wele obout
To mak vs all his vnderlout."
Pilate when he þare malice knew,
þus he said vn-to Ihesu:
"þai luf þe noght, þat se I now;
Bot to þair saiynges what says þou?
þine awen folk, als þou may se,
Has bitrayd þe vn-to me.
And for me might þou pas in pese,
Yf þai wald of þair sawes sese.
þine awen folk *and* þi bysshopes bath
Er most obout to do þe skath,
And *þat*[1] es noght lang on me,
þat sall þou sone þi-seluen se."
Sone he spak tyll a squyere,
And bad he suld bryng wat*er* clere;
And when þe water was to him born,
He wesch his hend þe folk bi-forn,
And sythen dryed þam on a clathe
For to excuse him-self of skathe.
Bot all if he þis werk so wroght,
Ane other in his hert he thoght,
And when he had on þis wyse done,
Vn-to þe Iewes he said full sone:
"I schew vn-to yhow all bi-dene
þat in his cause I will be clene,
And of þe spyllyng of his blode,
ffor he is ryghtwyse man *and* gude."
þan þe Iewes *with* gret debate
Answerd þus to sir Pilate:
Sangu*is* eius sup*er* nos *et* sup*er* filios nost*ros*.
"His blude," þai sayd, "on us be sene
And on our childer all by-dene.
We pr*ay* þat all þe peryll fall
On us and on our childer all."
When Pilate herd all how þai sayd,

Pilate tells Jesus that but for the Jews he might pass away in peace.

Then he washes his hands before all the people to show that he is innocent of spilling a good man's blood.

The Jews take all the consequences upon themselves.

[1] H. þat it.

Pilate speaks to Christ about them.

He lete als he war euell payd,
And vn-to Ihesu þus he spake:
"How lykes þe þis note þai make?
All halely hald þai þe o-gayn,
To sla þe es þair purpose playn,
ffor þou vses other lawes
þan has bene vsed in are dawes."

Jesus answers that his kingdom is not of this world, that he might command the assistance of angels, but wants to see the prophecies fulfilled.

Ihesus þan answerd als him thoght:
"Of all þair greuance gyf I noght.
Bot here I will mak no maistry,
In other stede is my baily.
Mi regne es in þe heuen lyght,
And þare-of sall yhe neuer haue syght;
Mi regne es noght of þis world here,
Whare noght es sene but synnes sere;
And if my regne in þis werld ware,
With aungels þat in heuen er þare
I myght haue help þan at my will
To wreke me on yhour werkes ill.
Bot þan myght noght full-fylled be
þe wordes þat er wryten of me,
And als it es my faders will,
And his assent I sall full-fyll."
Sir Pilate said: "þan er-tow kyng,
þat se I wele be þi saying,
And in þis werld þou has maistry."

He explains what he has to do in this world.

þan answerd Ihesus to him in hy:
"Sir, sen þou says þat I am so,
Here in þis world I haue to do,
ffor in þis world here was I born.
I come to seke þat was for-lorn,

[lf. 64, back

And no fals athes forto swere,
Ne no fals witnes for to bere,
Bot all falshede for to refuse,
And alkyns ryghtwisnes to vse,
And al þat lufes here rightwisnes
Lufes my ways both more *and* les."
Pilate þan als man amayd
Answerd to þam[1] þus *and* sayd:
Quid est ueritas?

[1] H. him.

"Sen þat þou so sothfast es,
Say me what es sothfastnes."
Ihesus þan full still he stode,
And answerd nouther ill ne gude,
So þat Pilate gret wonder thoght.
What he might say þan wist he noght,
But wele he thoght, so als he satt,
þat he to þe Iewes bud say som-what.
He said: "I rede yhe lat him ga
To his contre þat he come fra,
And lat þam iustify him þare,
And moue vs now with him no mare."
þan þai cryed all to Pilate:
"And þou latt him gang þus-gate,
Sen he so wickedly has wroght,
Cesare frende þan bese þou noght;
ffor whaso makes him-self a kyng,
He gayn-sais Cesare in all thing.
Delyuer vn-to vs Barabas,
And do him als he serued has."
When Pilate herd þair gret envy
þat to Cesare toke party,
þan he dred him mykell mare
To lyuer him þan he dyd are.
All þe folk on ilk a syde
ffast vn-to sir Pilate cryde,
And sayd þat Ihesus hegh suld hang
And Barabas all qwyte suld gang.
þan Pilate gan a falshede feyne,
Als he wald þair will atteyne.
Ihesu to þam delyuerd he
And bad þat he suld beten be.
And þai toke him þam bi-twene,
And band him als he thefe had bene,
All his clathes fra him þai kest,
And tyll a pyler fast him fest,
And skourges kene þai ordaind þare
To bete opon his body bare.
Ilk one obout þai bett him fast,
Ay whils any skourge might last,

Pilate asks him: "What is truth?" He does not get an answer.

He again advises the Jews to let Christ off.

They answer that he could be no friend of Caesar's to propose such a thing.

Pilate is afraid, and orders Christ to be beaten.

They scourge him, till his body is covered all over with blood.

Vn-tyll his body, als he stode,
Was couerd all ouer in blode.
They clothe him in purple, and hail him as their king.
And so when he was all for-bled,
With clothes of purpure þai him cled,
So for to skorn him þare with-all,
And on þair knes doune gan þai fall,
Sayand to him in þair hething:
"Haile Iesus, of Iewes kyng,
Yhe er arayd in ryche a-tyre,
For yhe say yhe er lord *and* syre."
They clap a crown of thorns on his head, so hard that the bloodstreams down, and makes his clothes cling to his body.
þan þai gederd thornes kene,
And made a corowne þam bi-twene,
And on his heued þai it thrast,
On ilk a syde þe blude out brast;
With staues of rede þei sett it doune,
And clapped it fast vn-tyll his croune,
So þat þe thornes went in þan,
Till þai perched þe harn þan.
þe thornes made þe woundes wyde,
þe blode ran doune on ilk a syde,
And þan als sone þe blude kelyng
Gert his clothes fast to him clyng.
In this condition Pilate shows him to the people.
When he was þus with rewthe arayd,
þan Pilate to þe pople sayd:
"Vn-to yhow furth I sall him bring,
So þat yhe sall haue knawyng
þat I in him kan fynd ryght noght,
Wharfore he suld to ded be broght."
Als Ihesus[1] þare bi-for þam stode,
ffra heued to fote all famed of blode,
þan said Pilate to þam bi-dene:
"Lo here þe man þat yhe of mene."
The Jews demand crucifixion.
And þan þe Iewes so kene *and* proud
Answerd *and* cryed all full loud:
"**Crucifige, crucifige eum.**"
þat es to mene, all with a voyse
þai cryed: "deme him to hang on croyse."
When Pilatt all þair wordes herd,
Vn-to þam sone *þus* he answerd
[leaf 65] And said: "tak him þan yhow vn-tyll,

[1] l *deleted after* Ih's.

And demes him, how-so-eu*er* yhe will,
ffor faut in him kan I fynd nane,
Wharfor þ*at* he suld be slane,
And þarfor cheues yhow *and* him."
þai answerd all w*ith* voyce full grym:
" Omang vs here we haue a law,
And þ*at* kens vs, full wele we knaw,
þat all-gate him aw to dy,
ffor he makes him God son myghty.
A*n*d þarfore mote noght þare-o-gayne,
ffor our law will þat he be slane."
When Pilate herd how þe tale yhede,
In his hert þan had he drede,
A*n*d for þai on him sett slyke showt,
Eft he led Ihe*s*u*s* þare-out
And said to him: " I me*r*uaile me
þ*at* þou byddes no man help þe.
Whethen er-tow? what es þi name,
þat may suffer so mykell schame?
And sen þou sese we may þe saue,
Mercy of vs may þou craue,
And ask forgyfnes of vs all
þe bett*er* þan may þe bi-fall."
Iesus vn-to þis answerd noght.
Pilate is afraid of the Jews. Still, he advises Jesus to implore their mercy.

Jesus does not answer.

þan said Pilate: " what has þou thoght?
Deynes þe noght to answer me,
Whils þou ert here in my pouste?
Wate þou noght wele þ*at* I may
Ger þe be ded þis ilk day?
I may anely w*ith* my voyce
Deme þe to be hanged on croyce,
And als it es my powere
To lat þe pas *and* mak þe clere
So þ*at* þou sall noght be slayne,
All þis es in my power playne."
Ihe*s*u*s* þan answerd, als him thoght:
Pilate is vexed by his silence.

Jesus does not care.

" Of all þi power rek I noght,
ffor power hastow nane of me,
Bot þat es gr*a*unted vn-to þe.
þi myght es gyfen till þe full euen

ffra my fader þat es in heuen.
For-þi of me þou has no myght,
Bot þat es gyfen vn-to þe ryght,
þarfor þou es gretly to blame
þat þou dose me so mykell shame,
Bot his syn es mykell mare
þat me bitrayd vnto þe are."

Pilate sits down as 'doomsman' in a place called 'Lychostratos,' which is Golgotha in Hebrew.

When Pilate herd þir wordes all,
He led Ihesus vn-to þe hall,
And at his myght ymagynd he
þat Ihesus suld delyuerd be,
And doune on sege he sett him þan
Omang þam all als domesman.
þe sted, whare þai suld domes hald,
Lychostratos was it cald;
In þair tong þai named it swa,
And in ebrew Golgatha.
þan said Pilate to þam in hy:
"Lo here yhour kyng of yhour Iewry!"
þai cryed o-gayne all with a voyce:
"Deme him tyte to hyng on croyce!"
þan said Pilate on his hethyng:
"Will yhe þat I cross yhour kyng?"

The Jews want Barabbas to go free, and Jesus to be hanged.

þan answerd all þe Iewes kene
And said vn-to him all in tene:
Nos non habemus regem nisi Cesarem.
þai said: "we wate wele euer ilk ane
þat kyng bot Cesar haue we nane,
And graunt vs now for Cesare sake
Baraban fra presoune for to take,
And lat him ga white of our hand
ffor þis fest þat es comand!"
Pilate said: "sen yhe will so,
What will yhe þan with Ihesu do?"
þan answerd þat ill meneyhe
And said all: "he sall hanged be.
Gyf him dome, all we þe pray,
ffor sertes he sall be ded þis day."
Pilate forgatt his awen astate,
And ferd he was for þair debate.

His state was ryghtwisnes to yheme
And ryghtwisly his state[1] to deme;
His state he toke no tent vn-tyll,
Bot demed all efter þair will,
And all efter their wordes wrang
He demed him on rode to hang,
And Barabas þan comand he
ffra presoune suld delyuerd be.
þan als Ihesu stode in þe rout,
ffull sterenly styrt þai him o-bout.
þe purpure clath þat he in stode
War hardend all with his awen blode,
So þat it cleued on ilk a syde
ffull fast both vn-to flesch *and* hyde.
þai ruged it of with-outen rest,
When it so to þe flessh was fest,
þat with þair tugyng in þat tyde
All bled eft-sone bath bak *and* syde.
And so þan was þis secund payn
ffeller þan þe first for sertayn.
His awen clathes þan gan þai take
And cled him in for schame sake.
þan þai swore, als þai war wode,
þat he suld hyng hegh on a rode.
þe dome es gyfen, damped es he,
And yhit haue þai no rode tre.
Ilk ane of þam till other spake,
Whare-of þai a cross myght make.
And how it of þat cross by-fell,
All þe soth I sall yhow tell,
And how þat it come fyrst in place,
Lystens now a lytell space.

Pilate, instead of judging rightly, grants their request.

1720

1724 [lf. 65, back]

They tear the purple cloth from Jesus' bleeding body,

1728

1732

1736

and clothe him in his own clothes.

1740

The doom is given, but they have no cross.

1744

Now listen to the legend of the cross.

1748

De morte primi parentis Ade et de incepcione crucis r *isti*.

When Adam our fourm fader dere
Was of eld nyghen hundreth yhere
And þare-to thretty, þan he kend
þat his lyf drogh nere þe end,
þan said he vn-tyll Eue: "þou sall
All my suns be-for me call,

When Adam was on the point of dying, he called his sons to him.

1752

[1] H. rightwisli ilk man to.

þat I may blys þam or I dy."
And als he bad scho dyd in hy,
Scho cald þam vn-to him þat tyde,
þai come *and* stod all him bisyde,
Als he in his sekenes lay,
And vn-to him þus gan þai say :
They ask why he lies abed, "ffader, what harm es þe on hand
þat þou es in þi bed lygand,
And whare-to has þou cald vs hyder?"
þan said he to þam all to-gyder :
"Sons," he said, "I far full ill,
Of payn *and* sorow I fynd my fyll."
And þai answerd, *and* said o-gayn :
and what pain is. "ffader, tell vs what es payn
And how it es sorow to haue?
Say vs þe soth, so God þe saue,
ffor whils we in þis world haue bene,
Of seknes haue we seldom sene."
Seth will get him some fruit from Paradise. þan said Seth : "for-soth I trow,
ffader, þat þou yhernes now
Of paradys fruit for to ett mare,
Of þe whilk þou has eten are,
And þarfore lyges þou sorowand swa.
Bot say to me, and I sall ga
Sone vn-to paradyse yhate,
And I sall grete þare in þe gate ;
I sall mak syte *and* sorows sere,
And so I hope God sall me here
And send som aungell me to gete
Som of þat fruyt þat þou wald ette."
Adam does not want any. Adam vn-to Seth þan telles :
"I yhern no fruyte ne nothing elles,
But I haue dole *with*-outen dout
And euell in all my lyms o-bout."
þan said Seth *and* þai all be-dene :
"We wate neuer what euell es to mene.
Tell vs what thing þe greues þus,
Whare-to suld þou layne fra vs?"
He tells them the old story, Als he lay þan, þus said he :
"All my sons, herkens to me.

When God had made me *with* his will,
Yh*our* moder þan he made me tyll;
In Paradyse sone he vs sett,
And gaf vs leue all fruyt to ett;
He out toke no-thing bot a tre,
þ*at* he for-bed both hir *and* me;
In myddes of Paradyse it stode,
And was knawyng of ill and gude.
þe est he putt in my pouste
And þe North at my will at be,
And tyll yh*our* moder he toke þat tyde
Both þe west *and* þe sowthe syde.
And twa aungels he toke vs tyll
Vs for to were fro alkyns ill,
Tyll on a tyme, sons, soth till say,
Our aungels went fro vs o-way
Bi-fore God þair wirschip to ma:
þan [com] þe fende þ*at* es our faa,
And in yh*our* moder fand he stede
And did her do efter his rede;
Sone scho ete, als he hir rede,
Of þe fruyte þ*at* god vs bath for-bede;
Scho bed it me, *and* I ete som,
And þus bi-gan our care to com.
þe garrard þus gan hir bi-gyle
And me als-so,—allas þat while!
þan of our werk was God ill payd,
And als sone vn-to me he sayd:
"Adam, for þou has left my lare
And broken my bode þ*at* I bad are
And mare wroght efter þi wyfe
þan eft*er* me þat lent þe lyfe,
Un-to þi body sall I send
Sexty woundes *and* ten to lend
Ryght fro þi heued vn-to þi hele,
Eghen *and* eres and ilk a dele,
And all þi lyms on ilk a syde
W*ith* sorows sall be occupyde."
He said: "sons, God has sent þis thing
Vn-tyll vs and all our of-spryng,

how he and Eve were forbidden to eat of the tree of knowledge in the midst of Paradise;

he ruled the east and north sides, Eve the south and west.

While the two angels were away to worship God,

[leaf 66]

the fiend beguiled Eve and through her Adam to eat of the fruit.

God threatened to send 70 wounds upon Adam;

he promised the oil of mercy at the end of the world.

But our lord God all-myghty
Said we suld haue oyle of *mercy*
In þe worldes end, if we wald craue,
Of all þis syte vs for to saue."

Adam cried in his pain, and Eve pitying him, felt that the fault was hers.

All on þis wyse when he had tald,
He feled sorows full many fald;
He cryed *and* said him-self vn-to:
"Allas kaytif, what sall I do,
þat slyke sorows er to me send
And has no medesyn to me amend?"
When Eue herd þat he sayd swa,
Scho weped *and* had full mykell wa,
And vn-to God fast gon scho call:
"Lord, gyf me þir angers all.
I wroght þe werk, þat wate I wele,
Wharfore we haue þis dole ilk dele."
Scho *pray*ed Adam on þis manere:
"Lord, lat me haue þi sorow sere,
ffor sertes I dyd all þe syn
Wharfore þou es þir angers in."
þan Adam answerd hir vn-tyll:
"It may noght be wroght at our will;
Our lord of heuen þat it has send,
Thurgh his myght he may it mend."

Adam sends Seth to the gate of Paradise, to ask God's mercy for him, and to bring him some of the oil of life, which is medicine to man and woman.

ADam þan vnto Seth gan say:
"Son, of a thing, I sall þe *pray*:
ffor to wend, als I sall þe wys,
Vn-to ye yhates of Paradys,
*An*d at þe yhate when þou comes right,
þou sall mak sorow in godes syght,
ffall to þe erth, *and* powdre þe,
And pray God haue *mer*cy of me.
ffor þan *pe*rauen*tur*e send sall he
Som of his aungels to þat tre,
Of whilk sprynge þe oyle of lyfe,
þat medsyn es to man *and* wyfe,
þare-of for to send me som dele;
þan hope I þat my care sall kele."

Seth asks about the road, and what to say.

þan answered Seth *and* said in hy:
"To do þi will I am redy,

Bot yhe bus teche to me þe way,
And what I sall to þe aungell say."
Adam said: "son, tell him tyll
How þat I haue angers ill,
And tell him all-so of þis thing
How þ*a*t my lyfe es nere endyng,
And pr*a*y him me to sertify
Of þe oyle of m*e*rcy witerly,
þe whilk God hight me of his gr*a*ce,
When he me putt out of þat place.
If he þat sande now to me send,
Of all my sorow it sall me mend."
"And son," he said, "I sall þe say
Whareby þou sall ken þe way.
þou sall sone fynd a grene gate
Euen vn-to Paradyse yhate;
Wend estward *and* for no-thing lett,
Vn-tyll þou in þat way be sett.
þan many fotesteppes sall þou se,
Both of þi moder *and* of me,
ffor bi þat ilk way went we twa,
þi moder *and* I *with*-outen ma,
When we war putt out of þ*a*t blys
To won in mydelerth for our mys;
And þe syn of vs twa all-ane
Was so gret *and* gude *with* gane,[1]
þ*a*t in what stede our fete gan fall,
þare groued neu*e*r gryss ne neu*e*r sall,
Bot eu*e*r-more be ded and dry,
And falow *and* fade for our foly.
þus sall þou fynd *with*-outen mys
Right to þe yhates of Paradys."
Seth es went *with* sorows sad,
ffurth right als his fader bad,
And hastily he fand þe way,
Als Adam vn-tyll him gan say,
With welked steppes many ane,
Als his fader by-fore had gane.
And enen he held þ*a*t ilk gate,
Vn-tyll he come to Paradyse yhate.

Adam tells him:

a green path leads eastward to the gate of Paradise;

on it are the withered footsteps of Adam and Eve, where no grass has grown since.

[lf. 66, back]

Seth finds the way to the gate of Paradise.

[1] **H.** god with gane.

and begs for the oil of mercy.

On his face þan fell he doune
And kest powder o-pon his croune,
ffull mykell mornyng gan he make,
And sorowd for his fader sake;
And vn-to god fast gan he cry
Of Adam for to haue mercy,
And oyle of *mercy* him to send,
So þat he myght in lykyng lend.
So als he made his *prayers* fast,

At last Saint Michael brings a message

God sent saint Michael at þe last.
He bad Seth *þat* he suld vp-ryse,
And said vn-to him on þis wyse:
"Seth," he sayd, "what sekes þou here?
I am Michael, Godes messangere;
My lord of heuen has ordand me
Ouer all his men keper to be.
And sertainly to þe I say
þat þe thar nouther grete ne *pray*
Efte*r* þe oyle of *mercy* here,
ffor þou gettes it on no manere
Vn-tyll a tyme, if þou tak tent,

that after 5228 years Christ will come to take Adam and his offspring to bliss;

When fyue thowsand yhere er went,
Twa hundreth *and* twenty þare tyll,
And all-so aght, als es Godes will.
þan sall God send doune his son
Crist in-to þe world at won;
ffor mans synnes þan sall he dy,
And so fra bale he sall þam by;
Grauen he sall be in a stede
And ryse þe thred day right fra dede
And lyfe o-gayn in lym *and* lyth.
And Adam þan sall ryse him with,
Adam *and* all his of-spryng,
þat God vn-till his blys will *bring*;
With Crist þan sall þai ryse vp-ryght
And wend to won in lastand lyght,
þan sall þi fader ryght vp-ryse
And wend to welth in Paradyse.
And þat same Crist, als I tell þe,
In þe flum sall baptist be;

To saue man sawles he sall be send,
And all fals trowth he sall defend;
þe oyle of m*er*cy sall he gyff
To all þ*at* in his law will lyfe;
Vn-tyll all þ*at* will sese of syn
Sall he gyf blys þ*at* neu*er* sall blyn.
þan sall þi fader com fra payne
And dwell in paradyse o-gayne.
þarfor if þou þi fader se,
Say him, als I haue said to þe:
His days er dryuen vn-to þe ende,
Langer in þis lyfe may he noght lende.
Bot first now or þou wend o-way,
Sall þou do als I þe say.
Wende vn-to Paradyse yhate,
And putt in bot þi heued þare-ate,
And lat þi body stand þare-out,
And luke what þou sese þe o-bout,
And if þou any selcouth se,
Com o-gayn *and* tell to me."
Seth went *and* did on þis manere,
And saw full many selcouthes sere:
He herd þare noys *and* noble smell
Swett*er* þan any tong myght tell;
Gay herbes *and* treese þare gan he se,
And fowles sang full gret plente.
In myddes of Paradyse saw he ryght
A well þ*at* was schyneand full bright,
Of þe whilk foure flodes ran out
And went ou*er* all þe world o-bout;
He saw of þa foure fludes clere
Com all þe wat*er* of þis world here.
Obouen þe well p*er*sayued he
Whare þare stode a full fair tre
W*ith* braunches þare-on many ane,
Bot berk ne lefe ne had it nane.
þan had Seth m*er*uale in his mode
Whi þat tre so naked stode,
And wele he hoped his hert w*ith*in
þ*at* it was for his fader syn,
Als þe steppes war þ*at* he had sene,

he will give the oil of mercy to all those who cease from sin.

Adam's days are numbered.

Seth is to put his head inside the gate of Paradise and see what he can.

He sees many marvels:

in the midst a well with four streams,

[leaf 67]

above a fair tree made barren by Adam's sin.

þat neuer bare none herbes grene,
And all for þe syn of þam twa,
þarfore he trowed þe tre was swa.
All þis thoght when he had left,
He looks again; and the tree reaches right up to heaven, and has plenty of bark and green leaves.
In ogayn þan luked he eft,
And hastily þan gan he[1] se
A meruaile of þe mykell tre.
Him thoght þat it stode vp full euen
And reched on heght right to þe heuen,
And bark I-nogh þare-on was sene,
With leues þat war gay *and* grene;
In the top he sees a little child.
And in þe cropp of þat tre on hight
A litell child he saw full ryght,
Lapped all in clathes clene;
Als it right þan born had bene,
So till his syght it semed yhing,
He had gret meruaile of þis thing.
He looks to the ground and sees the roots of the tree reaching to the utmost end of Hell, where Abel's soul is.
Vn-to þe erth þan loked he
And saw þe rotes of þat same tre;
Witerly him thoght þai fell
Vn-to þe vtterest end of hell;
And þare him thoght he had a sight
Of his brother saule full ryght,
Abel þat was sakles slayne.
He goes back to the angel and tells him everything.
þan to þe aungell he went o-gayne,
And tald vn-to him all bi-dene,
Als he þare had herd *and* sene.
He prayed þe aungell tell him mare
Of þe child þat he saw þare.
He learns that the child he had seen was the Son of God, who will be sent to earth as the oil of mercy.
þe aungell answerd him in hy,
And said what it suld signify:
"þe child þat þou saw in þe tre,
þe son of God for-soth es he;
His schewing here noght els it ment
Bot þat he sall to erth[2] be sent.
He sall for-do þi fader syn,
And vn-to welth o-gayn him wyn;
He es þe oyle of mercy ryght,
þe whilk was to þi fader hight,

[1] *MS.* he say he; *in margin* say tre, *by a later hand.*
[2] Bot . . . erth *repeated in the margin by the later hand.*

When he fra Paradyse gan wende
Thurgh formast fandeyng of þe fende.
Fra bale to blys þis barn sall bryng
þi fader *and* all his of-spryng
þat ordand ere in þe worldes ende
Fro bale to endeles blys to wende."
þe aungels[1] þan toke kyrnels thre
þat war tane of þat same tre
Of þe whilk our bale bi-gan,
And vn-to Seth *þus* said he þan:
"*With*-in thre days when þou comes hame
Sall þi fader dy Adam,
And in a *grau*e he sall be *gra*yde,
And when he [is in][2] erth so layde,
þir kyrnels þat I gyf þe to,
þan in his mowth þou sall þam do.
ffor of þam sall thre wandes *spri*ng,
And ilk one sall be of sere thing:
þe first of Cyder sothely es,
þe secund sall be of Cypres,
And þe thred of Pyne sall be,
And þa be-taken þe Trinite.
In þe Cyder þe fad*er* all weldand,
A*n*d in Cypres þe son we vnd*er*stand,
And in þe Pyne þe haly gast bi skyll."
þus tald þe aungell Seth vn-tyll.
And when he was *þus* kyndely kend,
Hastily hameward gan he wende,
And hame all-so *with* him he had
þe kyrnels, als þe aungell bad.

The angel takes three kernels of the tree that caused our woe, and says:

"Your father shall die within three days. When he is laid in earth, plant these kernels in his mouth.

Three wands shall spring forth: of cedar, of cypress, and of pine, which signify the Trinity."

De obitu p*ri*mi parentis Ade

When Seth had wroght all on wyse
And was comen hame fra Paradyse,
Vn-tyll his fader fast gan he fare,
Als he lay in sekenes sare,
And tald vn-to him all bi-dene
How he had done, whare he had bene,
And how þe aungell gan him hete
þat he suld haue, his bale to bete,
Oyle of m*er*cy fra God send

Seth goes back and tells his father the good news.

[lf. 67, back]

[1] **H.** angell. [2] *Supplied from* **H.**

To saue him in þe worldes end.
When Adam herd him so-gate say,
Adam is glad that he will be saved after all, and laughs for the first time in his life.
þa wordes full gretely gan him pay,
And in his lyue þan anes he logh,
ffor he hoped for to wyn fra wogh
And for to be saued sertainly.
þarfor to god þus gan he cry:
"Lord, me lyst no langer lyfe.
Mi gast in-to þi hend I gyfe,
ffor to wiss it at þi will,
In whilk stede so it sall ga tyll."
He dies at the age of 930.
þus he dyed *with*-in þe thred day,
Als þe aungell vn-to Seth gan say.
þan had he lyfed in þis world here
Nyghen hundreth *and* thretty yhere,
ffor mans kynd was þan so strang,
þat þai myght wele lyf so lang.
His wife and children fall on his body with mournful cries.
When he was ded *þus*, als I tell,
Both wyfe *and* barnes o-pon him fell,
And lay o-pon þe cors cryand,
Heued to heued *and* hand to hand;
þai trowed to turn lyf him vn-tyll,
ffor þai couth þan none other skyll.
Michael and other angels appear, and make them take the corpse to the valley of Ebron, where it is buried.
And als þai murned *with* drery mode,
Michael come *and* bi þam stode,
And other aungels gudely *gra*yde,
And vn-to Seth all þus he sayde:
"Wepes no more, bot bese styll,
ffor þus it es my lordes will
þat I sall tech here yhow vn-to
How yhe *with* þis cors sall do.
Takes him vp *and* wendes *with* me,
ffor in erth sall he biryed be."
þai toke þe cors vp þam omang,
And þe aungels bi-fore gangand[1]
Syngand all full solle*m*pnely,
And makand noble melody.
To þe vayle of Ebron þai him b*r*oght,
A*n*d groue him þare, als þam gud thoght.
þan all his barnes awondred ware

[1] H. gan gang.

Of þe syght þat þai saw þare.
þe aungell said to þan þam[1] in hy:
"Of þis thing haues no ferly.
ffor als we now do him vn-to,
So sall yhe *with* yhour ded men do.
Gers biry þam in erth or stane,
ffor all sall dy þat lyf has tane."
Seth þan o-pon þa kyrnels thoght
þat he fra Paradyse had broght;
In his fader mowth he þam dyd,
Als þe aungell gan him byd.
Of þa kyrnels thurgh godes grace
Wex thre wandes in litell space,
And of þa wandes gret ferlyes fell,
Als men may here me efter tell;
ffull mykel sele was to þam sent,
Als men may here, wha-sa takes tent,

They are henceforth to bury their dead in earth or stone.

Seth puts the kernels in his father's mouth;

three wands spring forth in a short time.

De tribus uirgis in ore Ade crescentibus.

In Adam mowth þir wandes stode
Till tyme of Noie efter þe flode,
þat was to witt *with*-outen were,
A thowsand sexty *and* twelue yhere.
And furth yhit groued þai in Adam
ffro Noie till tyme of Abraham.
ffro Abraham yhit stode þai þen
Vn-till þe comyng of Moysen;
And nouther flytted fer no nere,
And ilk one groued bi þam-self sere;
Ane elne of lenghe þa wandes ware,
In all þis tyme wex þai no mare,
Bot in a state ay war þai sene
And euer groueand in lyke grene.
Lang efter þat tyme þus bi-fell
þat þe Childer of Israel
Went *with* Moyses thurgh þe se,
ffra Pharao and his meneyhe,
þat mykell wa had to þam wroght
And in gret bondage had þam broght.
þai passed þe see both hale *and* sownd,
And Pharao *and* his men war drownd.

They stood in Adam's mouth until Noah's flood, and went on growing until the time of Moses,

each was an ell long and no more.

When the Israelites escaped from Egypt with Moses,

[1] H. þan to þam.

And when þair faes war þus fordone,
they came to Hebron. To þe vale of Ebron come þai sone ;
And als þai in þat dale gan dwell,
fforthermare þan *þus* by-fell :
One evening Moses sees the 3 rods and knows that they signify the Trinity. O-pon ane euen als Moyses yhode,
He saw whare þir thre wandes stode
þat are in Adams mowth was sett,
And *with* gret hono*ur* he þam grett.
[leaf 68] " ffor-soth," he said, " þir wandes mene
þe Trinite þam thre bi-twene,
þat on þis wise er samen sett,
ffor in þe rote all war þai mett."
þa wandes þan thoght he for to take
Wirschip to þam for to make,
When he draws them out, a sweet odour spreads abroad. And fra þe erth when he drogh þam out,
So noble smell was þam o-bout,
And so gud sauore gan þai fele,
þat his men wend wonder wele
þat þai had bene comen ryght
To þe land of Hest *þat* þam was hight.
All his folk þai war full fayne,
And loued god *with* myght *and* mayne.
He wraps them in clean cloths, and carries them as a relic for 44 years; Moyses toke þa wandes schene,
And lapped þam in clathes clene,
And als a relyke o-bout þam bare,
With wirschip als þai worthi ware,
Ay whils þai dwelled so in fere,
And *þat* was four *and* fourty yhere.
and all that are worm smitten or bitten by wild beasts touch the wands and are cured. And all þat war *with* wormes smyten,
Or els *with* wyld bestes byten,
And þai myght neghe þa woundes nere,
þai suld als fast be hale *and* fere,
So þat defaut suld þai fynd nane,
Thurgh towchyng of þe wandes all-ane.
So it bi-fell þe folk had care,
The folk lack water. ffor at þam wanted wat*er* þare,
And in þair hertes þai bi-gan
To be mys-trowand ilk aman,
To God þai grochcd all bi-dene,
And Moyses said to þam in tene :

"Mys-trowand men, herkens to me.
Yf yhe in trowth will stedfast be,
We sall gett wat*er* full gud wane
Here out of þis hard stane."
ffor God had byden him on þis wise
þat he suld stryke on þe flynt twyse,
And largely þan suld it gyf
Wat*er* þat þai with myght lyfe.
þan w*ith* his wand þe stane strake he,
And wat*er* past out gret plente,
þat men *and* bestes had þair fyll
Of wat*er* at þair awen will.
And for Moyses tok all þe mede
And loued noght god for his gud dede,
Ne gert þe folk na loueyng make
To him þ*at* sent it for þair sake,
þarfor our lord god all-myghty
Said vn-to Moyses openly
þ*at* he suld noght þa childer bryng
Vn-to þe land of his heteyng,
þ*at* was þe land of pr*o*myssyoune,
þat he had made vn-to þam boune.
þan Moyses wist, *and* wele he kend
þ*at* his lyfe drogh nere þe end.
To þe hyll of Thabor þan went he,
And þare he sett þir wandes thre
Be-syde a wat*er* vnder þ*at* hyll,
ffor he hoped it was Godes wyll
þ*at* gud werk suld w*ith* þam be done;
þan eft*er* þis he dyed sone.

Moses tells them to have faith and they will get water.

He strikes the flint, and water comes forth.

Since he takes the merit for this, he cannot lead the people into the Land of Promise.

He sets the 3 rods beside a stream beneath Mount Tabor,

and dies.

Quom*o*do Dauid tulit uirgas in Ier*u*sal*e*m.

STyll þan stode þa wandes þare
A thowsand yhere *and* wex no mare,
Bot in a state ay gan þai stand
Till Dauid was kyng of Iewes land,
And þ*at* was a lange tyme be-twene,
And eu*er* þai growed in lyke[1] grene.
þan Dauid was thurgh þe haly gast
Warned þ*at* he suld wend in hast

The rods stay just the same for 1000 years, till David's time.

Warned by the Holy Ghost,

[1] H. ilyke.

he goes to Mount Tabor in Arabia.

In-to þe land of Araby
Till þe hyll of Thabor hastily,
þe thre wandes þare for to fett
þat Moyses þe prophete had sett,
To Ierusalem þat þai war broght,
For thurgh þam suld be wonders wroght
And dyuerse dedes done bi-dene;
And efterward so was it sene.
þus when Dauid warned was,
Till Araby sone gan he pas;
To þe hyll of Thabor fast he yhode,
Whare þir ilk thre wandes stode.
Vn-to þe sted he went full euen,
Als he was warned with god of heuen;
And when he of þe wandes had syght,
[lf. 68, back] He honourd þam with all his myght,
and takes up the rods; then arise sweet smells and diverse melodies. And toke þam up out of ye ground.
And swilk a smell þare was þat stound,
And noyse *and* noble melody
Of diuerse manere of mynstralsy,
þat Dauid *and* his meneyhe wend
þe haly gast had þare descend;
So mykell myrth gan with þam mete
Of noble noyse *and* sauoure swete,
David lays the wands in a silver case. þat[1] Dauid layd þa wandes in fere
In a case all of syluer clere.
He sang full fast, so was he fayne,
And on þis wyse he went o-gayne;
As he carries them along, sick men are cured. And als þai went so bi þe strete,
Seke men many gan þai mete,
All war þai heled in gud degre,
Thurgh vertu of þa wandes thre.
Dauid was full glad *and* blyth,
Vn-to his contre come he swyth;
On the 9th day he reaches Jerusalem at night. þe nyghend day efter hame come he
To Ierusalem þe ryche cete.
Bot nyght it was thurgh godes will,
When þai come þe cete vn-tyll,
On þe wandes had Dauid thoght,

[1] H. þan.

With wirschip whare he sett þam moght;
And in a dyke he dyd þam ryght
Bi-syde his castell all *þat* nyght,
And syker men he sett to wake,
So þat he[1] suld no harmes take.
On þe morn he thoght to seke a space
To plant þa wandes in honest place,
ffor to be keped honestly,
And wirschiped als þai war worthi.
To rest he went, es noght at layne,
And sone at morn he come o-gayne.
He fand his wandes hale *and* sound
ffull fast groueand on þe ground,
And þarof gret wonder him thoght,
Bot remew þam þan wald he noght;
ffor in his hert he trowed ryght
þat þai war sett thurgh godes myght.
þarfor he lete þam stand þare styll,
And bad *þat* none suld negh þam tyll;
And for to dwell *with*-outen dout,
He made a styf wall þam o-bout,
Stalworthly of lyme *and* stane,
So *þat* negh to þam suld nane.
þe same lenkith yhit war þai þare
Als Moyses in desert þam bare.
Bot þus when Dauid sett þam has,
þan wex þai so *þat* wonder was,
þe body wex in a hale tre,
And þe cropp was braunches thre;
And for it wex swa, Dauid made
A sercle all of syluer brade,
And bad *þat* it suld sowded be
All o-bout þe haly tre,
þat he might witt *with*-outen were
How mykell it wex ilk a yhere.
ffor it wex gret thurgh godes *grace*,
And so[2] lang in lytell space.
In *þat* sted þan stode it þare
Thretty yhere *and* som dele mare,

He lays the rods in a ditch, and sets men to watch; on the morrow he plans to plant them in a finer place.

In the morning he finds them growing fast in the ground,

and builds a stiff wall of lime and stone around them.

Shortly they grow into a tree with 3 branches at the top.

David has a silver ring soldered around it to mark its growth.

For 30 years it grows.

[1] H. þai. [2] H. also.

And wex full fast, I vnderstand,
ffor þe tyme was nere comand.

Then David sitting under the holy tree laments his sins;

þan Dauid wex drery in mode,
ffor in his [hert][1] he vnderstode
þat he a synfull man had bene;
And vn-to god he gan him mene.
Sytand vnder þat haly tre,
Gret sorow in his hert had he,
And in his sorowyng said he þus:
"Miserere mei deus" *et cetera.*

he composes the psalter book, and begins a church.

And so he made, his mys to mend,
þe psauter buke ryght to þe end;
And in remyssyoune of his syn
To mak a kyrk he gan bi-gyn,

After he has builded for 24 years, God tells him he cannot finish it;

And þare o-bout he bygged fast,
Till foure *and* twenty yheres war past,
And bisyed him bath day *and* nyght
With werkmen þat war wise *and* wight.
And for he was a synfull man,
Of god þus was he warned þan:
"A hows to me sall þou neu*er* make,
And þat es for þi syns sake."
Dauid answerd *and* said in hy:
"Lord, wha sall mak þi hows bot I?
Wha sall vn-to þi werk tak tent,
Sen vn-to me no sele es sent?"

[leaf 69] but Solomon will.

"Salomon, þi son," sayd he,
"Sall make a temple vn-to me,
þat eu*er*-more sall be in mynde
And in meneyng omang mankynde."
þan Dauid wist right wele I-nogh
þat his lyfe fast tyll end drogh.

David calls the elders of the city,

Of þat cete gert he call
þe eldest men *and* maist*er*s all,
And hastily þai come him tyll,
ffor to witt what was his will.
þan vn-to þam all þus said he:

and bids them crown Solomon as king.

"Takes Salomon, my son, for me,
ffor, syrs, als sone I sall be dede,

[1] Supplied from H.

And God has chosen him in my stede."
His corown so he gaf o-way,
And so he dyed þat ilk day. — Then he dies.
þan in a garth þai gan him *grau*e,
Whare kynges suld þair birying haue,
With sang *and* gret sollempnyte,
Als fell to swilk a lord at be.

Quom*o*do Salamon p*er*fecit templu*m*.

SAlamon was corownd kyng, — Solomon is crowned
And led þe land at his lykyng. — king and in 32 years he
Most sutell werk-men has he soght, — completes the Temple.
And on þe temple fast þai wroght,
And ended it of masonry
In þe space of yheres twa *and* thretty,
ffor to tell all his fader tyme
And aft*er* þe wirkyng of him.
And when it suld to ende be broght, — When it is nearly
þe wryghtes þ*at* þe tymber wroght — finished, the carpenters
A mykell balk þam burd haue ane, — want a large beam.
In þat contre þai fynd couth nane.
þai soght in toune *and* in cete,
*An*d nowre-whare myght þai fynd a tre
þat wald acord vnto þair mett,
Bot þat at Dauid kyng had sett ; — At last they take the tree planted by David, and hew it down.
It for to tak þe kyng comand,
And bad it suld no langer stand.
þan doune þai hewed þ*at* haly tre,
So þat þair werk myght ended be ;
þai caryed it vn-to þe kyrk,
And ordaind werk-men it to wirk ;
þe maist*er*s has þare mesure tane, — It is 31 cubits long.
þe lenkith thretty cubites *and* ane ;
þai polyst it *and* made it playne, — After polishing it,
Bot all þair wirkyng was in vayne. — they find it one cubit too long.
When it was made eft*er* þair merk,
þai wand it vp vn-to þe werk,
And langer þan þai fand þe tre,
By [1] a cubit þan it suld be.
Of þ*at* fare þai war vnfayne,

[1] Be *changed to* By.

And sone þai gatt it doune o-gayne.
They cut it, but it is then too short. Eft þai toke þair mesures þan,
And kuttes it, als wele als þai kan.
"Do wynd it vp bi-lyue," þai byd,
Bot all was in wast þat þai dyd:
þan was it shorter þan þe assyse.
This happens thrice. Thryse wroght þai *with* it on þis wyse,
Acord to þat werk wald it noght,
þarof þam all gret wonder thoght.
þai cald þe kyng, for he suld se
How þai had wroght *with* þat tre;
ffor mykell tene was þam by-tyde,
Sen þai war all so crafty kyde.
The king has it carried into the temple to be honoured. When Salomon saw it was swa,
In-to þe temple he gert it ga,[1]
And bad þat it suld hono*ur*d be,
ffor som myght trowed he in þe tre.
Ane-other balk þan haue þai soght,
And all þe werk tyll ende þai wroght.
þe haly tre on þis manere
There it lies between two pillars; Lay in þe temple many a yhere
Twa pilers of þe kyrk bitwene;
þe kyng gert kepe it þare full clene,
And made custom in þat contre,
And bad þat ilk a man suld be
every man comes once a year to honour it. In þat stede anes in ilk a yhere,
And ilkane on þair best mane*r*e
þat haly tre for to hono*ur*e,
þat sythen bare our sauyoure.
So it bi-fell o-pon a yhere
All þe contre, ferr *and* nere,
Vn-to Ierusalem þai went
To hono*ur*e þat tre *with* gud entent.
Maximilla lacks faith in the tree, A woman was þare þam omang,
þat in hir hert ay hoped wrang.
Scho soght þider þe sight to se,
[lf. 69, back] And trowed no *ver*tu in þe tre;
Hir thoght it was skorn in hir wytt
þat other men so hono*ur*d it.

[1] H. ta.

Maximilla was hir name.
Scho satt þare-on hir-self to shame,
And for scho trowed no myght þare-in,
Hir clathes bi lyue be-gan to brin
Als herdes þat had bene ryght dry.
þan cryed scho loud thurgh *pro*phecy
And sayd: "my lord, myghty Ihesu,
Haue *mer*cy *and* on me þou rew!"
When þe Iewes herd hir on Ihesu call,
Gret tene in hert þan had þai all.
þai said, "scho sklaunders *our* godes euen,
ffor a new god we here hir neuen."
þat[1] bad þat bald men suld be boune
To haue hir tyte out of þe toune,
And sone *with*-outen other rede
þai staned hir vn-to þe dede.
Scho was þe first þat sufferd shame
ffor þe neuenyng of Ihesu name.
It was þair custom, als men knew,
þat who-so neuend þat name Ihesu,
He suld be staned to ded als sone,
And so was *with* þat woman done.

and to show her scorn she sits on it.
Her clothes catch fire;
she cries for mercy on the lord Jesus.
The Jews say that naming a new god is blasphemy, and have her stoned to death.
She was the first Christian martyr.

De *pro*batica piscina.

ffull many, when þai saw þis syght,
Hono*ur*d þe tre *with* all þair myght,
And þare-to made þai more loueyng
þan vn-tyll any other thing;
þar-fore þe Iewes thoght gret despyte,
And to þat tre þai went full tyte;
Out of þe toune þai did it draw,
ffor men þare-in no myght suld knaw,
ffor þai saw gret word of it went,
And men þare-to toke mykell entent,
And many men hono*ur*d it mare
þan godes þat in þe Iewry ware;
þarfor þai ordaind þam omang
þat no more word of it suld gang,
Bot for vertu þat was þare-in
þai durst it nowth*er* breke ne bryn.

When the Jews see that many honour that tree,
they draw it out of town,

[1] H. þai.

and cast it into a ditch.

In-to a dyke þai gan it kast,
So to be wasted at þe last;
þarfore in *þat* dyke þai it dyd.

Every day between vndern and prime, God sent angels to move the water,

Bot god wald noght þe myght war hyd,
Sen þat so gret word of it went,
þarfore his sande þare-to he sent,
Eue*r* ilk a day a sertaine tyme
Be-twix þe vnderon *and* þe pryme,
His aungels to *þat* haly tre,
ffull oft sythes men myght þam se.
þe[1] moued þe wate*r* in *þat* tyde,
And wesch þe tre on ilk a syde,

and whoso of sick men might first get into the water, was cured.

And all men *þat* war seke *and* sare,
If þai in þat tyme myght be þare,
When þe wate*r* was moued swa,
Who-so myght first in-to it ga,
If he had neue*r* so mykell bale,
Hastily he suld be hale
Thurgh vertu of *þat* haly tre.
þis was knawen in ilk contre,
ffor many men[2] *þat* blynd *and* croked ware
Hastily war þai heled þare.

When the Jews see the power of the tree,

Sone when þe Iewes p*er*sayued right
þat thurgh þe tre was schewed slyke might,
þai said it suld noght lang be swa,
Out of þe water þai gan it ta

they make it a bridge over a brook, that it may be worn by the feet of men and beasts.

And ordaind it to be a bryg
Oue*r* ane-other bek to lyg,
ffor so þai trowed at mens fete
And bestes þat went bi þe strete
Suld com *and* ga all oue*r* *þat* tre,
So *þat* it suld wasted be.
ffor gret despyte in hert þam thoght
þat wonders thurgh it war wroght.
þus lay þis tre þare, als I tell,

Queen Sibell, coming to see Solomon,

Vn-to þe sage qwene dame Sibell
Come to Ier*usa*lem on a yhere
Wysdom of Salomon to here.
And bi *þat* syde hir gate was g*ra*yd,

[1] H. þai. [2] H. *omits* men

Whare þis haly tre was layd,
And sone when scho þare-of had sight,
Scho honour*d* it w*ith* all hir myght,
Kneland doune on ayther kne,
Swilk vertu trowed scho in þe tre.
Hir clathes gert scho þare-on lyg,
And bare-fette went scho ou*er* þe bryg.
Thurgh pr*o*phecy þan þ*us* scho sayd:
"þ*at* ilk tre þat here es layd,
A v*er*ray signe wele may it seme
Of a domesman þ*at* all sall deme,
Als lord *and* maist*er* most myghty;
þus may þis sygne wele signify."
Scho lended þare ay whils hir lyst,
Gret witt of Salomon scho wist,
And sythen o-gayn gan scho ga
Till hir contrey þ*at* scho come fra.
And þ*at* [tre][1] eu*er* scho gan honou*re*
þ*at* sythen bare our sauyoure.
þis haly tre lay in þat stede,
Vn-till þat crist suld suffer dede.
When dome was gyfen, ordaind was he
ffor to be hanged o-pon a tre,
þat als a cross þan suld be wroght;
Of swilk a tre þan had þai thoght.
Sone a Iew tok[2] vp in hy,
And þus he sayd thurgh pr*o*phecy:
"þe kynges tre I red yhe take,
þe whilk yhe layd ouer þe lake,
To mak a cross both large *and* lang
þe kyng of Iewes on for to hang."
To þis þai all assented þan,
And rathely out of toune þai ran.
þai toke þe tre þan þare it lay,
þe thred part þai hewed o-way,
And of þe remenand haue þai made
A large cross both lang *and* brade.
Aght cubites þai made it lang
With-outen þat in þe erth suld gang,

kneels to honour the tree, lays her clothes on it, and passes over barefoot, prophesying of the judge and lord to come. [leaf 70]

The tree lies there till the time of Christ.

A Jew says to take the king's tree to make a cross for the king of the Jews.

They cut away a third, and make a cross of 8 cubits' length, besides what will be in the earth,

[1] *Supplied from* H. [2] H. stode.

and of 3 cubits on each side of his head. They bring it to Pilate.

And ayther syde of cubites thre
þat o-bouen þe hed suld be.
When it was made þus at þair will,
þe cete sone þai broght it tyll;
To Pilate went þai full gud spede,
He held him wele payd of þair dede.

De fabrice clauorum.

ÞE cross es made als it sall be,
Bot þan þam nedes nayles thre.

For the 3 nails they go to a smith in the town.

þe Iewes war full redy boune,
And ran for nayles in-to þe toune;
Vn-tyll a smyth þai come full sone
And bad: "Belamy, bi-lyue haue done,
Mak vs thre nayles styf *and* gude
At nayle þe prophet on þe rode."

Knowing that Jesus is a prophet,

When þe smyth herd þair entent
How þat Ihesu suld be schent,
In hert he had full mykell wa
Obout þe nayles for to ga,
ffor of Ihesu he vnderstode
þat he was prophete trew *and* gude.
þarfor wele in his hert he thoght
þat for him suld no nayles be wroght.
He answerd þam *with* wordes fre

the smith refuses, saying that he has burned his hand.

And said: "yhe gett no nayles for me.
God has sent on me his merk,
So þat I may wirk no werk."
In his bosom he hyd his hand,
And said he hurt it on a brand;
"þare on," he sayd, "I haue slyke pyne,
þat I hope my hand to tyne."

The Jews demand a sight of the hand,

þan answerd þe Iewes kene
And said vn-to him all in tene:
"All for noght þou feynes þe,
All þi sarenes will we se,
And bot we fynd þi tales trew,
ffull sare it sall þi-seluen rew."
þus þai thret him in þair saw
And gert him þare his hand out draw.
þan was þare shewed in þat place

Gret gudenes thurgh godes *grace*; which by a miracle looks sore, though it really doesn't hurt.
His hand semed als it war sare,
And hurtyng had it neu*er* þe mare.
þe Iewes saw þat it was so,
And no more said þai him vn-to.
ffurth come þan þe smythe wyfe, The smith's wicked wife says she will serve them;
A fell woman *and* full of stryfe;
By-for þe Iewes als þai stode,
Scho spak hir husband lytell gude:
"Sir," scho said *and* loud gan cry,
"Sen when had þou slyke maledy?
Yhister euen when þe day was gane,
Euell on hi[1] handes had þou nane;
And sen sekenes es sent to þe,
þir men sall noght vnserued be.
þai sall haue nayles, or þai ga,
Als sone my-self I sall þam ma." [lf. 70, back]
Scho blew þe belyse ferly fast,
And made þe yren hate at þe last, with the Jews' help she makes 3 rude nails.
þe Iewes helped hir for to smyte,
So þ*at* tre nayles war made full tyte.
Hir husband saw *and* stode full styll,
He durst noght say þ*at* scho dyd ill.
þai war full gret and rudely wroght,
Bot þarfore þai forsoke þam noght.
Bot sone when þai þir nayls had, The Jews take them to Pilate.
ffurth þai went w*ith* hert full glad,
And hastily þai toke þe gate,
Vn-to þai come to sir Pilate.
And in þis while þe Iewes kene
Satt *and* carped þam bi-twene
On what man*er*e best þai moght
Help þat crist to ded war broght,
And sone assygned þai sertain stede,
Whare he suld be done to dede.
When þai war all redy boune
ffor to truss w*ith* him of toune,
þan þai straue als þai war wode, Who should bear the cross?
Whilk of þam suld bere þe rode.

[1] H. þi.

They force Jesus to carry his own cross.

And som said: "bere it sall he
þat þare-on suld hanged be."
þan þe maist*e*rs all on raw
Assented sone vn-to þ*a*t saw.
þai gert Ihes*u*s þan bere þe rode,
And so he dyd *with* myld mode.
þai led him thurgh þ*a*t cete,
No m*e*rcy wald þai on him se.

A crowd follows him, some weeping, some rejoicing.

þare folowd him full mykell rout,
Bi-fore bi-hynd *and* all o-bout;
Som for him weped full sare,
And som war fayn of his mysfare.

Two thieves are to be crucified with him.

Omang þam led þai theues twa
þ*a*t w*i*th him vn-to ded suld ga,
ffor to mene on þair manere
þ*a*t he was thefe *and* theues fere;
ffor all despyte þat þai myght do
Thoght þam ou*e*r lytell him vn-to.
þus out of toune when he was led,
All for-beten *and* all for-bled,

Mary and other dear ones avoid the crowd and wait in a lane,

þan Mary, his moder dere,
And other þ*a*t war to him nere,
þ*a*t myght noght pass omang þe pr*e*se,
Ane-other way full sone þai chese,
Bi a lane (es noght at layne)
þ*a*t gate vnto þam was more gayne.
þare þai thoght him for to mete,
ffor þai myght noght pas bi þe strete;
And when þai come w*i*thouten toune,
ffull drerily þai sett þam doune;

lamenting.

W*i*th mykell wa so gan þai wepe
And satt in care crist for to kepe.

He is so torn and dusty that Mary hardly knows him;

And when Mary so meke *and* mylde
Saw Ihesu, hir awen childe,
So tuled *and* tugged omang þe men,
ffor care scho couth noght wele h*i*m ken,
So was he rugged, raced *and* ryuen,
And sithen w*i*th dust all ou*e*r dryuen,
He stowped vnder þe heuy tre,
þat mykell sorow it was to se;

And when Mary, his moder dere,
Saw hir son on þis manere,
Doune scho fell vn-to þe ground,
And for sorow oft sithes scho swound,
Till him scho might noght com for thrang.
And vn-till hir he loked lang,
His manhede syghed for hir sake,
ffor mo*ur*nyng þat he saw hir make.
Wemen folowd many ane,
þat murned *and* made mykell mane;
ffor Ihesu sake þai weped sare,
Vn-to him myght þai do na mare.
When Ihes*us* saw þair symple chere,
He said to þam on þis manere:
ffilie Ier*usal*em nolite flere.
" Ye doghters of Jerusalem
And wyues out of Bethleem,
No more now yhe morn for me,
ffor na sorow yhe on me se;
Bot for yho*ur*-self wepe yhe þis day,
And for yho*ur* childer mourn yhe may;
ffor þe days er comand fast
þat all ioy sall be fra yhow past.
O-pon yho*ur* faders sall yhe cry,
And on yho*ur* moders, *and* say in hy:
' ffaders, warto war we born?
Wicked werdes er vs bi-forn,
Moders, war-to war we wroght?
Bett*er* war vs haue bene noght.'
Vn-to þe hylles þan sall yhe say,
And vn-to þe mountayns in þe way:
' Hilles, fall doune on vs in fere,
And mountains on þe same man*er*e,
Doun o-pon[1] vs fast yhe fall,
Out of þis care to cou*er* vs all.'
And þus þan sall yhe say sertaine:
' Blyssed be þe bodyse þ*at* er baraine,
þ*at* in þis world neu*er* childer bare.'
Vn-to yhow þan sall com þis care,

2660 she falls to the ground weeping.
2664
2668 To the sorrowful women Jesus says
2672
2676 not to mourn for him,
but for themselves and their children;
2680
[leaf 71] in the days to come they will wish that they had never been born, and that the hills would fall on them.
2684
2688
2692
2696

[1] hi *deleted.*

And so it may yhit fall *and* be
þat more meruayls yhit sall yhe se."
þe Iewes þat war fers and fell
Drogh him furth, *and* wald noght dwell.
Sir Pilate went *with* mykell rout,
And other maist*e*rs him o-bout;
They meet Simon hurrying to do errands in the city; And so als þai went bi þe strete,
Ane vncouth man þare gan þai mete.
Symon he hight, þe soth to say,
Vn-to þat cete was his way,
ffor erandes þat he had to do
When he come þe cete vn-to.
þe Iewes saw bi Ihesu state
þat he was wery of his gate,
ffor bereyng of þe heuy tre,
And of him had þai no pete,
Bot so for to spede þair iournay
Vn-to Symon gan þai say:
the Jews ask him to carry the cross. "Maister," þai said, "þou ert wele mett,
And wele has þou þi trauaile sett.
A man es here omang vs led
þat wery es and all for-bled;
Him-self beres þe same tre
þat he on sall hanged be,
And þis gret byrden þat he beres
To gang *with*-all mykell him deres;
And if þou will now for our sake
Of þis man þe rode tre take
And bere it furth whare it sall be,
Mikell wald we thank þe."
Simon refuses, Symon answerd *and* said: "nay,
I may noght bere it bi þis day,
And hasty thinges I haue to do,
So þat I may noght tent þare-to."
but they threaten him, þan þe Iewes answerd in tene
And said vn-to him all bi-dene:
"ffor-sakes þou to bere þe tre,
When þat we haue bydden þe?
Tak it vp *and* tary noght,
Or full dere it sall be boght."

Symon saw it was no bote
Ogayns so many for to mote;
Till him he toke þe tre on-ane,
And bare it on his schulder bane.
þai gert him bere it *with* maistry
Vn-to þe Mount of Caluery,
And þare o-lang þai layd it doune,
And hastily þay made þam boune
þair wicked thoght for to full-fyll,
And Ihesu full tyte went þai tyll.
His clathes fra him sone þai tugged,
And all his hyde in sonder rugged,
And lotes o-pon his clathes þai kest,
Wha suld haue whilk, so thoght þam best;
And said: "we sall his clathes schere,
Ilk man his part o-way to bere."
Som said: "we sall noght kerue his kote,
Bot luke wha sall it haue bi lote."

and he carries the cross to Mount Calvary.

The Jews tear off the clothes of Jesus,

and cast lots for his coat.

Non scindam*us* eam sed sorciam*ur* cui*us* sit.

þus of his clathes þai wroght þair will,
And skorned him *with*-outen skyll.
þai hasted þan, als þai war wode
þat he war hanged on þe rode,
And how þat he on rode was done,
Now sall I say, *and* þat full sone:
þai toke Ihesu þat naked stode,
And layd him doune o-pon þe rode;
Both his armes þai layd on brade
Till bores þat þai bi-fore had made,
And furth als-so þai laid his fete.
Bot to þair merkes was he noght mete,
þe bores war bored so fer fro
His armes myght noght rech þam to;
If þe taa hand at þe bore ware,
þe tother fayled a fote *and* mare;
And his fete fayld fer of þe bore,
So wyde þan war þai made bi-fore.
þe Iewes when þai *per*sayued þis thing,
In þair hertes had þai gret hething.
Euell thoght þam oth*er* bores to make,

When they lay him on the cross,

his arms and feet come short of the holes that they have bored.

[lf. 71. back]

With a rope at either hand, they draw his arms out, breaking sinews and veins.

þarfor gret rapes gan þai take ;
þai did a rape at ayther hand,
þe blode brast out at the band ;
On ayther syde þan gan þai draw,
Vn-tyll þai myght þe bores knaw.
þe syns brast *þat* was no wonder,
And lyth fro lyth all raue in sonder,
Sonder went both syns *and* vayne,
To fele *þat* was a ferly payne.

Two nails hold his hands.

Twa gret nayles þai toke *þat* tyde,
And thurgh his handes þai gert þam glyde.
þan for þe payns he feled so sare,
His vayns *and* syns so schronken ware,
þat his fete war þan fro þe bore
fferrer þan þai war bi-fore.

In like manner his feet are drawn down

þai toke a rape *þat* wald wele last,
And fest o-bout his fete full fast ;
þan all at anes on him þai drogh,
þai wald noght wand to wirk *him* wogh,
þat sonder went both flessh *and* syn,
And noght held bot all-ane þe skyn.
Bot þai wald noght fyne þarfore

until they are a span past the hole. One nail pierces his feet.

Vn-tyll his fette passed þe bore
ffully þe space of a span.
A gret nayle tyte tok þai þan,
When he *with* þe bore was mete,
þai draue it thurgh-out both his fete ;
þe blode brast out both bla *and* rede,
Wers was neu*er* nane done to dede.
On þis wise when þai had done,
þe rode tre þai raysed sone,
And sett it hegh vp-on þe hyll,
ffor no man suld towch þ*er*-tyll ;

They set the cross in a pit,

And for þe fote þai made a pytt,
ffor no man suld it þethen flytt.
And when þe pytt was made wele depe,
Ilk one tok tyll other kepe,
And vp þai lyfted þe cross all,

letting it fall,

And sythen fast þai lete[1] fall
In-to þe pitt to eke his payns,

[1] H. *inserts* it.

þat sonder rafe both syns *and* vayns ;
And so þai shogged it till *and* fra
On all manere to wirk him wa.
When it was sett so doune at anes,
þai pynned it fast with mykell stanes.
þe twa theues þan toke þai tyte
þat with him war broght for despyte,
And hanged þam on aythers syde.
And þan þai fell on knese *and* cryde :
Uath qui destruit templum dei.
"Lo," þus sayd þis thefe feloune,
"Our mykell temple he might cast doune,
And, als he said, with-in thre days
Ryght vp ogayn he myght it rayse.
Godes son if þat he be,
Lat him com doune fra þis tre,
And if he may so help him now,
All we will o-pon him trow."
And als þai bere witnes þat wate,
Sir Pilate þan a letter wrate,
With his awen hand ilk a word,
And festend it o-pon a palme bord,
And sett it on þe rode tre,
So þat ilk a man myght it se.
Grew, Ebrew, *and* Latyne
Was wryten in þe parchemyne,
And on þis wise it was to mene :
" þis es Ihesus Nazarene
þat kyng es of ilk a Iew."
þus was it wryten, als men knew ;
Nazarene was grew, Ihesus Ebrew,
And kyng of Iewes was Latyn trew.
Ihesus Nazarenus rex Iudeorum
All þe Iewes þat it couth rede
War euell payd of þat ilk dede,
And to sir Pilate gan þai cry :
" Sir, þou dose a gret foly,
Wryte noght þat he es Iewes kyng,
ffor lely[1] þat es a lesyng.
He cald him-self þe kyng of Iewes,

2816 and shaking it to work him woe.

2820 They wedge it with stones and hang a thief on either side.

2824

In mockery they kneel and bid him who could rebuild the temple in

2828 3 days to come down from the cross.

2832

Pilate writes a letter and fastens it on a palm

2836 board above the cross :

2840

" This is Jesus the Nazarene, king of the

2844 Jews." Nazarene is Greek, Jesus Hebrew, and king of Jews Latin.

2848

The Jews want it changed to read that

2852 he called himself king of Jews;

[1] H. hely.

þat saying now we hope him rewes.
All if he so him-seluen cald,
[leaf 72] None other men so sall him hald." 2856
Pilate commands them to let it stand. Sir Pilate said: "so mot I the,
Als it es wryten, so sall it be.
I comand yhow yhe lat it stand,
þat no man negh it nere *with* hand." 2860
One of the thieves calls on Jesus to save himself and them; þan of þe theues þat hang him by,
þe tone of þam bi-gan to cry,
And þus he said vn-to Ih*esus*:
"Lord, þou saue þi-self *and* vs. 2864
Sen we er all samen in þis stede,
Saue vs þat we be noght dede."
the other says that while they have deserved their death, Jesus is guiltless, þe tother blamed him for his saw
And said: "our-self may clerely knaw 2868
þat we bath er wele worthy
ffor our dedes here for to dy,
And for our werkes *with*-outen dred
Hyder er we broght to haue our mede. 2872
And þis man þat es hyder broght,
In word ne werk he trispast noght;
Trayturly þai haue him tane,
And sakles sall he here be slane. 2876
If he wald, wele myght he fle,
Bot his will es ded for to be.
Sen he will noght him-seluen saue,
How suld we of him helpyng haue?" 2880
When he had said on þis manere,
and he begs to dwell in Jesus' kingdom. To Ihesu made he his prayere:
"Lord," he said, "I pray to þe
A bone þat þou wald *graunt* to me. 2884
When þou comes in-to þi blys,
þou think on me *and* mend my mys,
And help, lord, þat I myght come
With þe to won in þi kyngdome." 2888
þan Ih*esus* our lord so dere
Said to þe thefe on þis manere:
Jesus says that he will be in Paradise that day. **Amen dico tibi hodie mec*um* eris in paradiso.**
"þis day," he said, "I hete þe þis,
To be *with* me in Paradys." 2892

þus þe thefe þat trowed ryght
Went to welth þat ilk nyght.[1]
Bi þan was Mary, his moder gude,
Comen ryght vnder þe rode,
And when scho saw hir son so hang,
Doune scho fell in sorow strang.
Bot saint Iohne, Cristes cosyn dere,
He was euer-mare bi hir nere,
And other Maryse þam omell
Comforth hir fast, ay when scho fell.
Thre Maryes þan war þare
þat for Crist had mykell kare:
Ane was Mary, his moder clene,
Ane other Mary Maudalene,
And all so Mary Cleophe,
And saint Iohne was ay *with* þam thre.
Ihesus loked sone on one
Vn tyll his moder *and* saint Iohne,
And sone he said *with* symple chere
Vn-to his moder on þis manere:
"Woman, in þe sted of me
Be-hald to Iohne, þi sun es he."
And to Iohne said he tythinges new:
"Man, be-hald þi moder trew:
þou be hir son when I am dede,
And scho þi moder in ilk a stede."
When Mary herd þis dolefull tale,
In hert scho had full mykell bale,
And so *with* syte scho was vmsett
þat water *and* blode both scho grett.
Saint Iohne þan, als says þe buke,
Mary vn-tyll his moder toke;
ffull mykell luf was þam bi-twene,
ffor þai war both maydens full clene.
þan spak Ihesus full myldely
Vn-to þe pople þat past him by:
"Yhe folk þat passes bi þe strete,

From beneath the cross Mary sees her son and falls down in sorrow.

John is there, and Mary Magdalen and Mary Cleophe.

Jesus commends John to Mary as her son,

and Mary to John as his mother.

Mary weeps both water and blood.

To the people passing by, Jesus calls to behold

[1] After 2894 H. reads:
And he þat in mistrowing was
Hastily to payne gan pas.

his torments, worse than any man ever suffered.

Lukes vp *and* se my woundes wete,
And whatkyn turmentes I here take,
And suffers sorows for yhour sake.
Be-haldes if any other pyne,
May be lykkend vn-to myne,
Or if any other thing
Sufferd euer so hard pyneyng."
I dar say þare was neuer nane
With so mykell sorows slane.
Haly writ sais it was slyke
þat no payn may be to it lyke;
All other payn es bot a play
[lf. 72, back] Till dole þat he sufferd þat day.
On þis wise als he hynged þare,

He is thirsty, and is offered vinegar and gall.

He said to þam: "me threstes sare."
And when þai herd him say so þan,
Hastily ane of þam ran,
And fylled a spounge, *and* broght it þider
With aysell *and* with gall to-gyder,
þai sett it vp o-pon a rede,
And tyll his mowth þai gan it bede.
"Drynk," þai said, "for no-thing spare,
After þis þou sall haue mare."

Jesus refuses the drink.

Ihesus wist how þai had wroght,
Of þat drynk þan wald he noght.
His meneyng was no drynk to tast,
Bot to help man saule had he hast.

He says that his deed is finished.

þarfore he said with wordes hende:
"þis dede es done *and* broght till ende."

About midday

O-bout þe mydday was it þan,
Als þir clerkes declare it kan;

the sun is overcast,

þe sonn-bemes full bright schane,
Bot hastily it was ouer-gane;

the day grows dark as night,

Mirk it wex with-outen lyght,
þe day semed als it war nyght.
And þat tyme als god vowched-saue,

the temple veil is rent, stones break, dead bodies go abroad,

þe vayle in þe temple sonder raue,
þe stanes brak in diuerse stede,
And bodyse rays þat are was dede,
And went o-bout on sydes sere,

(*þat* was gret wonder for to here)
Men myght þam se *and* *with* þam speke,
And all þis was in sygne of wreke.
þe erth trembyld *and* allto schoke,
And halows in heuen for ferdnes qwoke,
And all yhit war þir dedes done
Bitwix þe vnderon *and* þe none.
þan Ihesu so myld *and* gude,
Als he hang o-pon þe rode,
Loud he cryed: "Hely, Heloy,"
And als "Lamazabathany."
þat es to mene on þis manere
In our tong, als yhe sall here:
"My lord, my god, my fader fre,
Whi hastow for-saken me?"
þe Iewes þan *þat* stod bi-syde
Herd how *þat* he Heloy cryde;
þai wend þat he had cald Heloy,
þat was a man in þair Iewry.
þarfor þai war all euell payd,
And ilk one þus tyll other sayd:
Uideam*us* **si ueniat Helyas ad deponendu***m* **eum.**
"Sen he has aft*er* Hely cald,
Let vs stand still *and* bi-hald,
ffor if he com till tak him doune,
With sorow sall he com to toune.
He calles him for som sertaine skyll,
Lat se what he will do þare-tyll."
þan said Ihesus *with* wordes styll:
"ffader, I haue wroght þi wyll,
Done I haue eft*er* þi rede,
Sakles here I suffer dede.
Bot fader, for-gyf þam þair gylt
þat sakles here my blode has spylte.
ffor whi þai wate noght what þai do,
þarfore þai tak no tent þare-to.
fforgyf þam, if þi willes be,
þe desese þai haue don to me."
þan his heued on his schulder he layd,
And þus vn-to him-self he sayd:

the earth shakes, saints in heaven tremble—all between undern and none.

Jesus cries, "Hely, Hely" and "Lamazabathany," which means "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

The Jews think that he is calling on Heloy, a man in their Jewry,

and say that they will see whether Heloy can help.

Jesus asks his father's forgiveness for those who injured him, since they knew not what they did.

Though foxes have dens and birds have nests, he has nowhere but his shoulder-bone to rest his head.

" ffox has den, *and* fowles has nest
Whare-in þai may tak þair rest,
And I *þat* am godes son so dere
O-bouen all bestes *and* fowles in fere,
Place vn-to me es nane leued
Whare-on I may rest my heued,
Bot anely on my schulder bane,
Other esement haue I nane."

He gives his ghost into his father's hands.

þan spak he tyll his fader dere
And said to him on þis manere :
" ffader myne, *þat* all may mend,
I gyf my gast in-to þi hend."
þan lowted he doune his heued styll
And yhald þe gast, als was his will.

Centurio is clear that this was God's son.

Centurio þan stode bi-syde,
Aud toke full gud tent in *þat* tyde
How þat Crist had gyfen þe gast,
And on þis wise he said in hast :
Uere filius dei erat iste.

[leaf 73]

" Suthly," he sais, " *with*-outen mys :
Verray god son of heuen was þis ;
Bi sygnes *þat* here er sene on raw,
þat he was godes may we knaw."

Christ's godhead goes to hell, breaks the gates, and frights the fiends.

When Crist was ded þus als I tell,
His godhede hastily went to hell,
And sone he brak þe yhates strang,
Ogayns him war þai sperd *with* wrang.
þe fendes war so sare adred,
If þai myght þai wild haue fled,
Bot ferrer may þai neu*er* fle,
þair herytage es þare to be.

Satan he binds fast till Doomsday.

Sathanas he fested fast
With bandes *þat* sall eu*er* last,
And so he sall be bonden ay
Vn-till *þat* it be domesday.

He takes away Adam and Eve, John the Baptist, Moses, Abraham and others, to dwell in Paradise.

With him he toke Adam *and* Eue,
And other *þat* war to him leue :
Iohn*e* þe Baptist, Moyses al-swa,
Abraha*m* *and* other ma,
þat he had boght *with* payns fell,

All he led þam out of hell,
And putt þam in-to Paradys,
Whare ioy es eu*er* and endeles blys,
And gaf þam ioy for eu*er*-mare
In þe welth whare þai war are.
þus þ*at* tre þ*at* gan vs greue
Thurgh þe first mysdede of Eue,
Of þe same our bote by-gan,
Now when it bare both god *and* man.
Herd yhe haue how þe rod tre
Was comen first of kyrnels thre,
And of þ*at* ilk tre war þai tane,
ffor whilk man saule w*ith* syn was slane,
And sithen it bare our sauyoure,
Vn-to wham be eu*er* honoure.
þus whils þe saule vn-to hell yhode,
þe body hynged o-pon þe rode.
Centurio, als I said are,
To spek him gud wald he noght spare.
He said of Crist ay, als he knew,
þ*at* he was pr*o*phet gud *and* trew.
þe Iewes had þare-at despyte,
Vn-to p*re*soune þai toke him tyte;
In hard payns þai him ponyst,
ffor þ*at* he carped gud of Crist.
þus when þai war hynged swa,
Ih*esus and* þe theues twa,
Heghest of þam hynged was he,
So þ*at* all men suld him se.
When þai had made all þair hethyng,
Hame þai went *and* lete him hyng.

Joseph petiit corpus Ih*es*u.

Mary, his moder, w*ith* drery mode
Dwelled eu*er* vnder þe rode,
And other þ*at* war w*ith* hir in fere,
Sorowand eu*er* w*ith* symple chere.
þe trowth þan left in hir anely
þ*at* cristen saules er saued by;
For þ*at* he suld ryse trowed nane,
When he was ded, bot scho all-ane.

Thus the tree that brought grief through Eve, bears our healing in Jesus.

When Centurio calls Jesus a prophet, the Jews throw him into prison.

Jesus was hanged higher than the two thieves.

Mary remains by the cross.

Scho trowed it euer in hert *and* will,
Als he bifore had tald hir tyll; 3088
And had scho noght bene trew in thoght,
With dole scho had to ded bene broght.
So efter help þare gan þai hone,
After the 9th hour, comes Joseph of Arimathea, Vn-tyll it was efter þe none. 3092
þan come þare vn-to þat cete
A rych man of gold *and* fee,
þat lord was of Aramathy,
And in þat contre had maistry. 3096
Ioseph was þat mans name,
ffull myghty was he halden at hame;
Ihesu lufed he wonder wele,
ffor fayth þat he in him gan fele. 3100
And hastily when he herd tell
Of all þes ferlies how þai fell,
And how Ihesu was done to ded
Wrangwisly with wicked red, 3104
Vn-to him myght he do no mare
Bot þat þe body biryed ware,
And þarfor fast he toke þe gate,
and asks Pilate to let him bury Jesus. Vn-to he come to sir Pilate. 3108
" Sir," he said, " now pray I yhe,
Ihesu body graunt þou me.
Suffer me to tak it doune,
And bere it sone vn-to som toune." 3112
þan Pilate asked sir Cayphas
[lf. 73, back] And Anna what þair counsail was.
Annas and Caiaphas say that the bodies should not hang during the feast; þai said: " sir, yhe sall vnderstand,
Oure sabot day es nere comand, 3116
And hyngand sall no bodyse be
In tyme of þis sollempnite.
þarfore we red yhe gyf þam leue,
To tak him doune it may noght greue." 3120
þus þai all assented ware,
so Pilate grants Joseph the body, þan Pilate said to Ioseph þare:
" Ihesu body graunt I þe,
Bot I will witt þat he ded be." 3124
provided his knights find that Knyghtes called he him vn-to
And bad þai suld with Ioseph go

Vn-to þe Mownt of Caluery
To witt þe soth all wit*er*ly,
If he þ*at* hynged in þ*at* stede,
þe fals pr*o*phet, war fully dede:
"And if he be ded on þ*at* hyll,
Lat Ioseph wirk w*ith* him his will."
þe knyghtes went w*ith* Ioseph þan,
And so did many ane-other man,
And when þai come to Caluary,
þare fand þai other bydeand him by:
His moder mornand w*ith* drery chere
And other of his frendes in fere.
Vn-to þe theues first come þai,
Yf þai war ded for to assay,
Som w*ith* staues *and* some w*ith* stanes
Sonder brak þai þair the banes.
þan had Mary mykell wo
þ*at* þai suld do w*ith* Ihesu so.
Bot when þay come vnto Ihesu,
Bi his countenance wele þai knew
þ*at* he was ded w*ith*-outen drede,
To brek his banes it was no nede.
Bot þare omang þam was a knyght,
Longius for-soth he hyght,
And all if he war styf *and* strang,
Blynd he was *and* had bene lang.
Vnd*er* þe cross þai gert him stand,
And gaf him a scharp spere in hand;
þe point þai sett to Ihesu syde,
And bad him putt fra him þ*at* tyde.
þe knyght, þ*at* wist noght what he wroght,
Putted fast *and* spared noght.
þe schere spere sone glyde he gert
Vnder þe Papp to Ihesu hert.
Both wat*er* *and* blude bi-lyue out ran,
Of þ*at* ilk bale our bote bi-gan:
þe wat*er* wesch all our wa o-way,
þe blode vs boght to blys for ay.
Bot Mary when scho saw þ*at* syght,
ffor sorow lost both mayn *and* myght;

the false prophet is dead.

They break the bones of the two thieves with staves and stones.

By Jesus' face they know that he is dead.

They force Longius, a blind and lame knight to stand beneath the cross and pierce Jesus' side with a spear.

Blood and water flow out.

Mary sorrows and John comforts her.

Doun vn-to þe erth scho draue,
Both hyde *and* hare for rewth scho raue.
When Longius touches his eyes with the blood that ran down his fingers, he receives his sight and asks God's forgiveness.
Bot Iohne, hir cosyn myld of mowth,
Comforth hir all þat he cowth;
þus all his frendes in bale war braste,
Bot hir mournyng was euer þe maste.
Als Longius stode, þat noble man,
þe blude vn-tyll his fyngers ran;
þan till his eghen he towched ryght,
And hastily so he had his syght.
And when he wist how he had wroght,
In his hert sare him for-thoght;
He hoped god suld tak vengeance sone,
ffor þe ded þat he had done.
þarfor on knese doun gan he fall,
And to Crist gan he mercy call,
And loued God all his grace
þat was so poplyst in þat place.
þe body þai toke Ioseph vn-tyll,
And bad him wirk þare-with his will.

De cruce deponitur hora uespertina.

Joseph takes down the body, draws out the nails, cleanses the wounds, and wraps it in cloths.
Iosep þan gat help full gude,
And toke þe cors doune of þe rode.
þe nayls out of his hend þai drogh,
And fra his fette with mykell wogh;
þai clensed þan his woundes wete,
And dryed þe holes in hend *and* fette;
þai toke þe cors þan þam bi-twene,
And lapped it in clathes clene,
Obout þai band a sudary,
Als custom was in þe Iewry.
They lay it in a grave carved from stone.
þan in a graue þe cors þai layd,
þat Ioseph had þarfore puruayd;
Coruen was it in a stane,
þare-in bi-fore had lygen nane.
[leaf 74] Mary alone expects the resurrection.
þan Mary, his moder, was full fayne,
ffor scho hoped he suld ryse o-gayne,
And in þat trowthe was other nane
Stedfastly bot scho all-ane.
Nichodeme was a man gude;

He helped Ioseph with myld mode,
And *with* him broght he spycery
To strew in þe *grau*e whare Crist suld ly;
And *with* ane oynement noble of force
Enoynted he all Cristes cors,
So þat þe cors might lyg styll,
And þat no wormes suld towch þare-tyll.
And when it was dyght all by-dene,
þai lapped it in sendell clene,
þat Iosêph had him-seluen boght,
And þider *with* him he had it broght;
And so þai layd him in þe *grau*e,
þai hoped wele þair mede to haue.
A heuy stane þai gatt in hy,
And couerd þe graue full conandly;
þai made it both full fast *and* fytt,
ffor no man suld it þethen flytt.
When it was made all till þare pay,
þai lete it be *and* went þare way.
Sone on þe morn þe Iewes kene
Toke a counsail þam bi-twene,
ffor it was tald in þare *pr*esence
How Ih*esu*s was grauen *with* gret reu*e*rence;
And þarfor had þai gret envy
Vn-to Ioseph of Aramathy.
þai gert seke him in þat sesoune,
And sone þai sett him in *pr*esoune,
And said no syluer suld him saue,
ffor he had so layd Crist in *grau*e.
þe *pr*esoune was all wroght of stane,
And lyght of wyndows was þare nane,
Ne dores on þe hows was none,
Bot ane whare-at he was in done,
And þat þai sperd *with* lokkes grete,
ffor no man suld him þethen gete.
And sithen þare seles þai sett all so,
þat no sustenance suld com him to.
And when þai had þir dedes done,
Vn-to sir Pilate went þai sone
All samen for a sertain skyll,

Nicodemus brings a spicery to strew in the grave, and an ointment to keep off worms.

They wrap the body in a shroud, lay it in the grave, and cover it with a heavy stone.

On the morrow the Jews are enraged at Joseph,

and put him in a prison,

with only one door and no window;

they lock and seal the door that he may have no food.

They tell Pilate that Jesus had prophesied his rising on the third day,

And on þis wyse þai tald him tyll :
Seductor ille dixit *et* **cetera.**
" Sir," þai said, " we vnderstand
þis lurdan, whils he was lyfand,
Said whare he went bi ilk away,
þat he suld [rise][1] on þe thred day.
So tald he his discipels all
Of ferlyse þat suld efter fall.
He said : 'luke þat yhe trow ilk ane,
When þe Iewes here has me slane,
Thurgh my myght wele I may
Ryse fro ded on þe thred day.'

and that the grave should be watched to sée that the disciples don't steal the body and say that Jesus is risen.

And þarfor, sir, now red we all
þat yhe yhour knyghtes bi-for yhow call
And ger þam wake þe graue stane
To thre days be comen *and* gane ;
ffor his discipels will be boune
Vs to wayt ay with tresoune,
þe body full fayn wald þai stele
O-way fra vs it for to fele.
And if þai ordain men of myght
To stele þe body o-way bi nyght,
And bere it þethen out of þe graue
Whyder so þai will it haue,
On ilk a syde þan will þai say
þat he es rysen *and* went his way.
And so, sir, war þe latter dede
Wele more þan þe first to-drede."

Pilate orders them to set a watch themselves.

Sir Pilate said : " þat wald noght seme.
Yhe haue yhape men him for to yheme ;
Ordayns yhe omang yhow þan
To kepe him, als wele als yhe kan,
O þayn of lyfe þat yhe noght lett,
And all yhour gudes to be forfett."

Four knights armed in iron and steel are told to watch the grave till the third day.

þan þai ordaind knyghtes foure,
þe wightest men þat þai wist oure,
And þai gert arme þam full wele
In armours of gud yren *and* stele,
And to þe graue þai gert þam wende

[1] Supplied from H.

Att yheme it till þe thre days ende.
And when þai þusgate charged ware,
ffurth þai went *with*-outen mare.
When þai come þare *with* wordes wyse,
Ilk man said his avyse,
Ane of þam said: "herkens to me.
Bisy now be-houes vs be,
And wisely red I *þat* we wytt
On ilk a syde how we sall sytt.
Ane of vs at þe heued sall wake,
Ane other to þe fette tent sall take,
And ane sall sytt at ayther syde
To tent what auenture will be-tyde.
If þai com hyder eu*er* ilk ane
þat wont war *with* him to gane,
Hardily I haue no dout
Ane of vs suld dyng all *þat* rout.
And if þai bryng *with* þam in fere
A hundreth men, whils we er here,
Hastily þai sall heueded be
Omang vs four, bot if þai fle."
þus þai bosted in þair saw,
And ilk gan his swerd out draw.
When þai had waked all *þat* nyght,
Manaceand *with* all þair myght,
Ogayns þe day þai fell on slepe,
No power had þai þam to kepe.
And Ih*esus*, als he said bi-forn,
Rayse on þe thred day at morn.
Langer he wald noght þare abyde,
þe ouer stane he putt bi-syde;
þe knyghtes wele of him had syght,
Bot for to moue had þai no myght.
He toke þe way to Galile,
þare his discipels might him se;
And als he went þe way bi-twene,
He mett *with* Mary Maudelene,
And to hir said[1] he: "wend þou sall
Vn-to my discipels all,

3284 3288 [lf. 74, back] 3292 3296 3300 3304 3308 3312 3316 3320

One knight is to sit on each side, one at the head, and one at the feet.

They boast that one of them could rout all the disciples, and the four could behead a hundred.

All night with drawn swords they watch, and fall asleep at daybreak.

Jesus rises on the morning of the third day; the knights see him, but cannot move. On the way to Galilee he meets Mary Magdalen, and bids her tell his friends to join him there.

[1] MS. said þou ſall he.

And say þam I am rysen vp-ryght,
Als I be-fore vnto þam hight,
And warn Mary mi mod*er* dere,
And als saint Iohne þ*at* es hir fere,
Peter, Androw *and* other ma,
And byd þam smertly þ*at* þai ga
In-to þe land of Galile;
ffor þare suthely sall þai me se."
þe woman þan was wonder glad,
And did bi-lyue als he hir bad.

She gives the good news to Mary and the disciples,

Vn-tyll his moder scho went in hy
And his discipels þ*at* war sary.
Scho comforth þam wele in þ*at* stede,
And said how Crist was rysen fro dede.
"Mi lord," scho said, "*and* yhou*r*s in fere
Es rysen, I wate with-outen were;
I saw my-self his woundes wete
And him quyke walkand on his fete.
He bad yhow wend to Galile,
ffor þare, he said, yhe suld him se."
And sone when þai þis vnderstode,

and they go rejoicing.

ffull mykell myrth was in þair mode;
To Galile fast gan þai gang,
ffull mykell myrth was þam omang,
And w*ith* mykell ioy þai ferd,
ffor þir tythinges þai had herd.
Sithen war þai comforth wele in fere,
Als men eft*er*ward may here,
Of all þe ferlyse als þai fell.

In the morning the knights awaken;

Bot of þe knyghtes now will I tell
þ*at* had Ihes*u* in þair kepeyng.
þai sleped vn-to þe mornyng;
When Crist was rysen *and* þethen gane,
þan þai wakend eu*er* ilk ane;
And in þair hertes þai dred som dele,
Bot yhit þai wend all had bene wele.
Bot when þai toke entent þ*at* tyde,

they find the stone moved, and the grave empty

And saw þe stane was putt bi-syde,
And when þai loked in-to þe gr*a*ue,
He was noght þare þ*at* þai suld haue,

All was tome *and* he was gane,
þan þai war full will of wane.
Noght bot þe clathes fand þai þare
þat obout him wonder[1] ware.
ffyld þai war of dole be-dene,
And ilk one gan tyll oth*er* mene.
Sone þai saw þe aungell bryght
Descendand doune fro heuen lyght
And restand on þe graue stane
Omang þam, als þai made þair mane;
In white clething all was he cled.
þan þe knyghtes war full a-dred,
þai myght noght stand þar in *þat* stede,
Bot doune þai fell als þai war ded.
And so when þai had lygen land,[2]
W*ith* mykell mo*ur*nyng þam omang,
Ane of þam rase at þe last,
And cald o-pon his felows fast:
"Ryses vp, felows," sone he sayd,
"We haue made a full sary brayd.
Allas, what ayled vs for to slepe,
þat we might noght þare-fra us kepe?
Ih*esus* es rysen *and* gane his gate,
What sall we say to sir Pilate?"
Ane-other said: "allas for wa,
What ayled vs to slepe swa?
Ban we may *þat* we war born,
All our landes now haue we lorn;
And al-so haue we lorn our lyues
And herytage fro childer *and* wyues."
Ane-other said: "what es yho*ur* rede?
þare es no bote bot we be dede,
Mercy thar vs neu*er* craue,
ffor we hope nane for to haue."
Ane-other said: "so mot I the,
þare es no bett*er* bote bot fle.
ffor if we byde *and* þis be knawen,
Hastily we be hangen *and* drawen,
And þarfor go we hethen our gate,

3364 except for the cloths.
3368
At sight of an angel coming down from heaven and
3372 sitting on the grave stone, they fall to the ground like dead men.
3376 [leaf 75]
They wonder
3380 what they can say to Pilate,
3384
they will
3388 lose lives and lands,
3392
3396
perhaps they had better flee.
3400

[1] H. wonden. [2] H. lang.

Or tithandes com to sir Pilate."
Þan spak a knyght of nobill will :
One advises telling the truth to Pilate.
" ffelows, styntes *and* haldes yhow styll.
Þis dede we will noght hyde ne hele,
ffor here come no man him to stele,
So sall we to sir Pilate say."
Som oth*er* answerd *and* said : " nay."
On þis man*er*e þe knyghtes stryues,
fful ferd þai war to lose þair lyues.
Bot on þis wise als þai stode þare
Meneand of þis ferly fare,
Gud hertyng hastily had þai,
And how it was, here sall I say.

De liberac*i*one ioseph a carcere.

After the Sabbath, the Jews plan to hang Joseph.
When þair sabot day was done,
þe Iewes assembled all full sone
ffor Ioseph of Aramathy,
To luke what ded þ*a*t he suld dy.
In þair p*re*son done he was,
A*n*d all þai said he suld noght pas,
Bot hanged be w*i*th-outen hone
ffor þe dede þ*a*t he had done,
ffor he layd Ih*esu*s in his gr*a*ue ;
þai said no thing his lyf suld saue :
" He sall be layd ferr on þe feld,
þare wild bestes his banes may weld."

On opening the prison they find no Joseph, but all locks and seals unbroken.
Un-to þe p*re*son tyte þai went
And said ilk one he suld be schent.
þai opend þe lokkes les *and* mare,
Bot Ioseph þan fand þai noght þare.
All fand þai styll als þai had stoken,
And nouther lokkes ne seles broken.

Christ came at his rising, took up the house, and brought Joseph to his own city.
Crist when he was rysen fro dede
Come euen vn-to þ*a*t same stede,
And vp he toke þe hows all hale,
A*n*d broght him þethen w*i*th*o*uten bale,
And sett him in his cete,
In Aramathy, whare he suld be.

The Jews don't see how he got away.
þe Iewes wist no-thing of þis,
þai war all awondred I-wys,

And ilk one gan tyll other say:
"How might he eu*er* wyn hethen o-way
þus out of our awen kepeyng?
Sertes þis es a selcouth thing;
And als it es a foule despyte
þ*at* he on þis wise suld ga qwyte."
Omang þam þus was gret debate,
And how it was, no-thing þai wate.
þe knyghtes þan þ*at* wakeand ware
Herd of all þis ferly fare,
How Ioseph was in p*re*soune fast,
And how þat he o-way was past.
ffull faine þai war þan of þ*at* fare
And hardiar þan þai war are,
And furth þai went w*ith* eger mode
Un-to þe Iewes þare þai stode,
And said for soth[1] *and* noght for-soke:
"þe body þat yhe vs bi-toke
Es rysen out of þe monument,
And at his will he es furth went.
þe mykell stane þ*at* on him lay,
Ane aungell putted it o-way,
And þare o-pon him-self he sett;
All men on lyue might him noght lett.
þat aungell said men suld him se
In þe land of Galile.
We say yhow men sall se him þare
Qwik lyfand als he was are."
þan þe Iewes gret wonder thoght
And sayd: "trayto*urs*, so es it wroght?
How suld he lyf? lurdans, yhe ly.
W*ith* bitter bale þ*at* sall yhe by,
Yf yhe haue laten his Postels haue
þe cors o-way out of þe graue.
ffull wele sall yhe haue yho*ur* mede,
Hangen *and* drawen for yho*ur* dede."
þe knyghtes þan answerd sone in hy,
And carped to all þ*at* company.
þai said: "for-soth he rase vp-ryght

When the knights hear of Joseph's escape, they rejoice.

They tell the Jews that the body rose out of the monument,

[lf. 75, back]

and that an angel said Jesus was in Galilee alive.

The Jews threaten death,

and the knights reply that he rose by his own irresistible power;

[1] H. þe suth.

Anely thurgh his awen myght,
ffor wonder werkes he has yhow wroght
Oft-tymes all if yhe trowed *him* noght.
How suld yhe trow vn-tyll our saw,
When yhe wald noght his wonders knaw?
We tell yhow suthely here bi mowth:
We keped him als wele als we cowth.
And bi him-self full wele we wate
Rysen he es *and* gane his gate;
And als we wate wele yhisterday
How yhe keped Ioseph vnder kay
And had þe kayes ilk ane to yhow,
Yhit es he went *and* yhe ne wate how;
And þarfor all þis stryfe to stere,
þis profer we vn-to yhow here,
they will deliver Jesus when the Jews produce Joseph. Delyuers Iosep un-tyll vs,
And we sall lyuer yhow Ihesus."
þe Iewes þan thoght gret despyte,
And to þe knyghtes fast gan þai flyte
And said: "bi him þat aw þis day,
The Jews bluster, Lurdans, yhe ly all þat yhe say;
And witt yhe wele, if þat we will,
We may bryng Ioseph yhow vn-tyll,
And þarfore yheld vs Ihesus now,
And we sall yheld Ioseph to yhow."
but the knights know that Joseph is in his own land and Jesus is in Galilee. þe knyghtes said: "we will warand
þat Ioseph es in his awen land,
And all-so warand will we
þat Ihesus gase in Galile."
When þe Iewes herd all þis tale,
Omang þam bred full mykell bale.
For fear that the folk will believe in Jesus, þai said: "bot if þir wordes fall,
Our folk sall turne to Ihesu all,
ffor counsail þat we wend war hyd,
Now es it in þe contre kyd.
He[1] wend nane other men had wist
On what wyse þai[2] Ioseph myst.
Now wate þe knyghtes als wele as we,
On what manere may þis be?

[1] H. We. [2] H. we.

And þe folk here þusgate say,
Halely sall þai leue our lay.
þarfore lat ordaine vs omell
þir sawes sone how we may fell."
Sir Pilate, Anna *and* Cayphas,
þat maist*er*s in þe Iewry was,
Cald þe knyghtes þam vn-to
And said: "if yhe wene wele to do,
Vn-tyll our sawes assent yhow sone,
And all for-gyuen þ*a*t yhe haue done,
And luke yhe say, whare-so yhe ga,
þ*a*t þe cors es stollen yhow fra."
A soume of tresore þan toke þai,
And to þe knyghtes þai it pay,
And when þai haue þe tresore tane,
þai charged þam bi ane *and* ane:
"Luke þ*a*t yhe say vn-to all men,
On þis wise als we yhow ken,
þat armed men w*ith* mykell myght
Come vn-to þe g*r*aue bi nyght,
Sodainly als yhe slepand lay,
And stale þe cors fra yhow o-way.
So for to say it es no schame,
þan may yhe be w*ith*-outen blame,
And þis tresore to yhow we gyf,
And help to haue ay whils yhe lyf."
þe knyghtes g*r*aunted eu*er* ilk a dele,
And ilk man trowed þair wordes wele,
And ayther party held þam payd;
þus in þair trowth þai war bi-trayd.

they bribe the knights to say that the body was stolen

by armed men.

Every one believes this story.

NOw haue yhe here all halely herd
How þ*a*t þe Iewes w*ith* Ihes*u* ferd,
And how he boght vs w*ith* his blode
W*ith* mykell rewth o-pon þe rode,
And how he mended our fad*er*s mys,
And broght þam vn-to endles blys.
He len vs, lord, here whils we lend,
In his ways so for to wend,
þat we may help for to full-fyll
þe blys þ*a*t he has boght vs tyll.

Now ye have heard how Jesus bought us with his blood.

Grant us, Lord, so to live that we may come to his bliss.

All who hear this Passion with devotion and all who read it shall have Christ's benison and 100 days of pardon given by Pope Innocent.

And all þat *with* deuocioune
Will here þis preciouse passioune,
And als all þa þat will it rede,
Haue þai sall vn-till þair mede
Cristes blyssed benysoune
And a hundreth days of pardoune,
þat was gyfen *with* gud entent
Of þe gud Pape Innocent,
ffor to haue vn-to þair medes
All þat þis lesson heres or redes.

Jesus grant that we leave our sin and amend our lives, so that we may dwell in endless bliss.

Now Ihesu for þi moder mylde,
Als þou wald chese to be hir childe,
þou len vs so to leue our syn
And mend our mys both more *and* myn,
þat we may, when we hethen wende,
Byde in blys *with*outen ende.
A — M — E — ⁊.

Expliciunt passiones Ihesu Christi.

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The Northern Passion (Supplement)

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